THE

Crafty Lady:

OR THE

Rival of Himself.

A

Gallant Intreague.

Translated out of *French* into *English* by *F.C.Ph.Gent.*

Entred according to Order.

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO ALL FAIR, WITTY, BUT UNPROVIDED LADIES

Ladies,

I *Would believe to have discharged but one part of my Duty, if, after I have shewed the love I bear You, and how highly I concern my self for your interest by fur-*

nishing You in my Translation of the Crafty-Lady, *with the means of revenging against Fortune, who so unjustly and blindly refused you her Favours; I did not endeavour also to shew the great respect and veneration I have for Ye, by dedicating it to You, as a sacrifice due to your excellent and almost Divine Parts. Give leave, then, fair Ladies, to* Berenice *to carry throughout the English World, under the*

protection

protection of your illustrious Name, those happy Trophies, she got, by her Wit and Beauty, over that unjust and capricious Goddess. I Give her leave to go and undeceive men of that extravagant and altogether unreasonable fancy, that parts both of wit and body are of little significancy and value without riches. Indeed, before Gold and Silver came out of the entrails of the Earth, Or, to say better, of Hell, real

and true merit did make the worth of all Persons. Strength, Courage and Vertue were possessed alone of the right of commending and preferring men to high Places, to Honours and Dignities. And as for Women, that finest part of the World, their Beauty, Breeding and Wit were an honourable portion to them, and opened them the gate into the Temple of Fortune. But since these Tyrants have corrupted good Manners, over-

thrown

thrown natural Order, and blinded humane Reason with their false splendor, we have seen, with amazement, Vice, Deformity, and Dulness, which are the most hainous Sins of Nature, advanced, courted, preferred; and Vertue, Wit and Beauty, which are the most glorious and rich sparks of divine fire, despised, abandoned, and left in the dregs of the people, as precious stones in the dirt.

Berenice, *whom I propose you (witty Ladies) as an excellent pattern and an infallible Guide, found out a rare way to set her self up above those unjust prejudices of humane folly, against divine and natural right: I hope you will follow her steps, and thus if, at the same time that she pleaseth you, she may instruct you, and will serve your turn, I will account my self advantageously rewarded for the time*

time I have spent in dressing her up after the English Fashion; and I shall Glory to have thereby deserved to bear the Honourable Quality, Ladies, of your

Most humble,

obedient and

devoted Servant,

Fr. Cl. Th.

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

time I have spent in dress-
sing her up after the En-
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THE Crafty Lady: OR THE Rival of Himself.

THE Renowned City of *Maestricht* did but begin to enjoy the happiness of a peace, wherewith Heaven had blessed at last, and rewarded its heroical atchievements, when a new Enemy, no less turbulent and troublesome than the former, began to ingage the bravest Officers

of its Garrison into a painf
and restless exercise. Love mo
haughty, more proud and insole
than ambition it self, came in the
attended with his ordinary retin
of Tricks, Subtleties and Intrigue
he planted his Colours within t
compass of those famous Walls, a
for the better securing of his Co
quest, seized on a great number
generous hearts, which he ha
dled in such a manner, as
thought the fittest for the mo
splendid shew of his strength, a
supreme power. That Tyrant
deed, doth not set up his Empi
with so much noise, as *Bellona* a
Mars do; but he is no less dange
ous and formidable for that, fin
through jealousie, disdains, hatre
and dissimulation, he moves
thousand Wheels, he manages
thousand Springs, from whe
come our Sorrow, Anger, des
and sometimes death it self.

No

ovel shall highly witness it, as
ing the famous Stage, wherein
o less than a whole regiment will
ay their own parts, and serve for
port to that cruel and capricious
overeign.

A Cavalier whom Fortune and
avour had lifted up to the place
a Colonel of Horse, dying, left
hind him *Berenice* his only Daugh-
, a young, brisk, handsome and
itty Maid, but provided with
other portion, but a noble
ood, an high Spirit, and a great
pe of an alliance answerable to
e nobility of her birth. In the
ry time of her mourning, when
t fair complexion was like a Sun
ining through a Cloud, many a
ntleman crouded by her, to wipe
her tears. The late Colonel, for
me weighty reasons, had been
reamly unkind to so tender a
uty, strictly and absolutely for-
dding her to receive visits, or

countenance any way the vows
any Gallant, keeping her in
compleat slavery within the Wa
of a House, or rather of a Clo
ster: so that she no sooner saw he
self set at liberty, by the death
so cruel a Father, but she begu
to mend what was amiss, and
open the doors, not only of h
House, but also of her wit to
honest companies, making in t
most refined conversations, an a
vantagious and surprizing use
all Romances and other galla
Books, she had read over and ov
during the time of her long ca
tivity. The end she aimed at, w
to triumph over all those of h
Sex in the Countrey, by the p
litenes and neatnes of her w
to insnare the heart of some one
the most eminent Gentlemen
mongst her Gallants, and so,
be obliged for her Fortune to no
dy but herself. Now the cl
me

ean ſhe made uſe of for that; as to feign an extream ſorrow, nd affect in her carriage ſuch a nguor, as might eaſily convince ny body, ſhe was uncomfortable the loſs of her Father. She did ith ſo much grace and eloquence ſtifie the reaſonableneſs of her ſpair, and the quickneſs of her partees did ſo much amaze the oſt witty and underſtanding of her ourtiers, that they, before their oming into the circle, did curiouſly epare themſelves, and deſired e moſt learned and refined of eir Friends to help them in the nviction of ſo inlightned and dex- ous a Wit.

Gallantry being nouriſhed and aintained into *Maeſtricht* only by e well-bred Officers of the Gar- ſon, *Berenice* was courted by none t military men; amongſt which certain Major, a witty man in- ed, but vain and proud, was

the first who earnestly and serious
ly wooed her. As that Gentl
man had an high apprehension
his own merit, so his self-lo
made him easily believe he w
amiable, and that amongst
hundred other Gallants, he wou
keep an honourable distance, a
get at last the better of them.
the other side, the young Lad
who had hitherto received no op
declaration of love; shewed h
felt sensible of these approache
although neither the Majors f
tune, nor his wit, good grac
gallantry, or splendid maintenan
could prevail upon her heart so far
to ingage it in his favour. Nay,
meer Captain of the same Regimen
who had not to the eyes of t
world so many excellent parts
our Major, had yet to those of
rence, that precious, that charmi
but nameless, I know not wh
which maketh the strongest
gagemen

agements, through whose efficacious influence, he dropped secretly into the depth of her Soul, and made himself the only and absolute ruler of her tenderest inclinations. He bore, indeed, to that Cavalier true, sincere and passionate love; but ambition being no less the tyrant of her heart, than *Cupidon*, she could not, without blushing, cast in her mind the management of an alliance, which she conceived to be far under the degree and condition of her birth. The misfortune was, that the Cavalier having a very modest opinion of himself, and suspecting nothing of his being so passionately loved, did rather act the comforter with her, than the lover, being careless enough about those external ornaments which make commonly so great an impression on the tender Sex; his shew and carriage were very mean, his retinue but little, and he put

himſelf to no charges, becauſe be
ing born of one of the moſt illu
ſtrious Families of his Country, h
was ſparing his Eſtate, to carr
it higher withal in a better prefer
ment he aſpired to. On the contra
ry, the Major, whom ſome ex
traordinary parts had made confi
dent, joyned to the comelineſs o
the body the luſtre of great an
ſumptuous expences; he was rich
handſome, and ſetled in a good em
ploy; he had conſequently all tha
may engage a heart, and accord
ing to the ordinary courſe of th
world, was the moſt worthy o
the ſacrifice of *Berenice*'s liberty.
But all theſe advantagious condi
ons proved to be of no ſignifican
cy to her, ſhe felt no ſpark of tru
love for him, and ſhe loved out o
a natural propenſity her dear Cap
tain, who in her judgment wante
nothing but an higher degree t
to be the worthy object of her vow

Thu

Thus whilſt Love was getting ground more and more in the heart of *Berenice* for her truly beloved *Lyſandre*, (ſuch is the name of that fortunate Gentleman) our Major was very earneſt with her about getting a favourable declaration, growing every day more forward to tell his mind, and fancying, that loves paſſion increaſed as much in that inſenſible heart, as in his own; Nay, he came to ſuch a degree of familiarity, that he fooliſhly acquainted her with ſome ſecret intrigues which ſome other kind Ladies had truſted to his ſuppoſed fidelity and diſcretion; ſo that, through ſo ſimple and giddy a carriage, he diſcovered to that refined Maid, the weakneſs of his Soul, making her conceive great hopes of conſiderable things, ſhe could get by him, and in effect, it proved not a miſtake, ſince through the indiſcretion of that ſilly conceited

wooer, she surprised and fixed to her side the fickleness of fortune; all succeeded according to her desires, and she got benefits far beyond her own expectation. One day, after he had spent a whole afternoon in a private and pleasant conversation with her, he took opportunity of the merry humour she was in, to throw again at her feet both his heart and liberty, being in hope of a favourable answer: but the crafty Lady not willing, either to put him in a despair, or to ingage herself further than was agreeable to her designs, keeping still in a merry tune; one will think on it, faith she with a jeering manner, the injoyment of a heart, that may love sincerely when it hath no more choice, is worth enough some troubles. Such a cold answer was able to satisfie our Gallant of the little tendency of his Mistriss towards him (for how true and faithful may be

that

hat love which is not natural,
nd true) but the great opinion he
ad of himself did blind him so
much that he was by no means
iscountenanced. Nay, he made
is court with more exactness than
ever, growing more troublesome
nd impatient than formerly: In
ine, he desired her to take a final
nd substantial resolution upon the
matter. She who had little or no-
thing of the ordinary frailty of her
Sex, seeing there was no way to
woid answering to so formal ap-
plication, repartеed wittily, that
was extreamly sensible of his love,
but that how great soever her reci-
procal passion for him might be, yet
her being Daughter of a famous
Colonel, which quality was almost
her only inheritance, did forbid her
to follow her own inclination, and
yield to a Gentleman inferiour to
the degree of her late father: that
the place of Lieutenant Colonel
being

being void, he could eaſily attain to it, and then ſhe would ſtick no longer to reward and ſecond his Vows.

This declaration caſt into a ſtrange perplexity of mind our Major, who had ſeveral times made his utmoſt intereſt, but always in vain, to get that preferment. He wanted no acceſs to his Colonel, who was a man near fourſcore years of age, but who being grown gray-haired in the exercise of War, and having got through a long experience, a deep diſcernment and a ſolid apprehenſion of true courage, prudent conduct, and other warlike parts, did not judge his favorite to be able enough to diſcharge worthily a place of ſo important a truſt. Nevertheleſs, he let a good face on a bad matter, and replyed cheerfully, That he was not very far off from that eminent degree, there being but

one ſtep more to be made to it: but if ſo be her fire were equal to his flame, ſhe ſhould not ſtop their common happineſs on ſo ſmall an account, and for want of an external quality, which could neither increaſe nor diminiſh his real and material merit. *Berenice* at that onſet, ſtood firm upon a noble pride, ſhe obſtinately bent herſelf to perſwade him, ſhe loved the Major, and would marry the Lieutenant Colonel; which having repeated ſeveral times, what reaſons ſoever he could alledge to move her, he perceived clearly, that the taking in of ſuch a Fortreſs was not a matter of one day, nor ſo eaſie a work as he thought; but being gone ſo far, his love and courage did not permit him to make retreat: he reneweth the aſſault with more vigour and freſh arguments, ſighs, crieth, intreats, but is always ſerved with the ſame

answer,

answer, so that giving himself wholly to sorrow, his hope was very near to yield to despair, when the clear-sighted love of *Berenice* wisely advised her how to keep the fool in awe and further her own interest, by the most exquisite and ingenious trick, that was ever heard of in the whole Kingdom of *Cupidon*.

She on a sudden fell out of countenance, modesty shut up for a while her mouth, she offered to speak some words, presently a secret bashfulness forbad her speaking; holding down her eyes, she seemed to be willing to speak and be silent at once: but all this was a meer fiction, that the curious Major would offer a kind and honest violence to her hypocritical repugnancy, and force her in a manner to open her most secret sentiments. *Madam*, saith he, *I see you extreamly thoughtful, I conceive your*

tongue

tongue is not loyal to your heart, no doubt, he permits her to declare some things that she conceals, and which I ought to be acquainted with; but if you will right me, I hope of your justice you will deem me no less discreet than passionate a Lover: stick not to unfold me your heart, and vex your self no more by keeping a secret that perhaps cannot be long a mystery to me. Do you love another? let me know that happy mortal, let me know that fortunate Rival. The vehement passion that made me your slave, will give place to my respect, and although love doth not at all agree with a concurrent, yet I engage my faith, that I will approve of your choice, even with the loss of my own life, if my Rival proves not altogether unworthy of you. Pardon, amable Berenice, pardon, I cannot forbear to intreat you against your self, and crave of you the opening of a thing, whose declaration, perhaps,

may

may caſt to your vertue a bluſh, why do you conceal me ſo long your heart, to me I ſay, who truſt you mine own with ſo much forwardneſs and candor? have I a rival? let me know him, and it is enough. Muſt I have a rival? ſaith he again, ſoftly puſhing the knee of *Berenice.* That fair ſeeing her coxcomb juſt come to the point where ſhe expected him, anſwered with a deep ſigh, *Yes Sir, you have a Rival, but a Rival that can do you no harm; and who may but little prejudice the poſſeſſion you are aſpiring to.* The Major withſtood this ſtorm with an apparent equality of mind, but ſome briſk motions of impatience were a going to break out, and betray his ſuperficial and affected vertue, when *Berenice* ſuddenly roſe up to meet a great Lady, that came to pay her a ceremonious viſit. Our Major retired after the uſual civilities, and as one may eaſily imagine, w

not very quiet by night, being overbusy about the meaning of that Ænigme, that he had a Rival, but a Rival who could do him no harm, and but little prejudice the enjoyment of his happiness.

Some extraordinary occasions hindred him the next morning from waiting upon his Mistress at her *Toilett*, as he was used to do, and he could not see her but about night, altho' his curiosity made him dispatch his businesses with all speed imaginable.

In the mean time, *Berenice* who had spent great part of the night in reading a new Romance, being willing to repair that loss by sleeping some hours by day, kept her Bed all the morning, having first bidden her waiting Woman to acquaint her with the names of all those that should present themselves at the door, before their admittance. Her Gallants in ordinary failed not

to

to wait according to cuſtome, they were civilly diſmiſſed with an honeſt, *Madam is a little indiſpoſed. Lyſandre* the dearly beloved Captain, and ſure, the leaſt troubleſome of all, comes about ten a Clock; notice of his coming is given to *Berenice*, by whoſe order he is admitted to the Bed ſide it ſelf. his duty was to furniſh a complement, which he did in proper, but ordinary expreſſions; yet they were as many charms to the inchanted Lady (ſo true it is that a beloved one pleaſeth any way) ſome render thanks paid his civility, and then not a word, becauſe the Captain, being more ſerious than gallant, was afraid, too much ſpeech would perhaps increaſe *Berenices* diſtemper, when ſhe at laſt broke off this dull ſilence with a ſigh, that cauſed *Lyſandre* to ask her whether ſhe felt any new pain: whereupon ſhe began to ſpeak, and with a ſoft and

languiſhing

languiſhing voice. *Sir*, ſaith ſhe, *why did not Heaven inrich you with beneſits of Fortune anſwerable to your merit? or elſe, why did not he make me leſs proud and ambitious? alas! I would not ſigh now, and my cure ſhould be as quick as certain. I love you, dear Captain,* added *ſhe*, *ſhedding abundance of tears; if it be a weakneſs to own it, the preſent poſture of my affairs excuſeth me, and being bereſt of the protection of my Houſe as I am, both prudence and neceſſity ſtands to juſtifie the choice I make of a man, that will ſerve me for a Father, as well as for a Husband: Yes, I ſay again, I love you as much for your modeſty, as I hate for their ſickleneſs an hundred others, who dare court me upon the meer account of Fortune: but if that blind Goddeſs hath ſo liberally and with ſo little diſcernment favoured with her gifts thoſe unworthy fellows; ſhe will perhaps, ſometime do right to Vertue,*

d

do not despair. She blusht after so free a declaration, and sunk briskly into the Bed, the more to perswade *Lysandre*, that she was in earnest; she held her peace then, giving place to the answer of her favorite, who expressed himself after this manner: *Could I be satisfied, Madam, that your discourse is not a pretty trick put upon me for a tryal or a sport, I would go out of a respectful indifference and borrow the most efficacious and exquisite words of eloquence, to mark you the greatness of my joy and gratitude: but the certain knowledge I have of all those excellent parts, wherewith you are endowed, even to admiration; as well as my conscious ness, that in this so numerous Garrison, there is no Cavalier but surpasseth me in merit and value, makes me be silent, not refusing to give matter to your divertisement, if so be, it could contribute something to the recovering of a*

health

health so dear and so precious to all the World. *Lysandre* who had always looked upon her as a proud and ambitious Maid, being eye-witness of that indifference, wherewith she had received the vows of the most eminent Officers in the Town, did not flatter himself to such a point, as to fancy, that before eyes so pierceing, and so much capable to try qualifications and endowments, he had merit enough to deserve so obliging a preference. Therefore he pursued as in a jeering manner: *Madam, had I temerity and blindness enough to ground my self upon your charming Speech, I could presently lay open to you all that is able to ingage a heart, that seems already moved; as proud as a* Gascon *or a* Scotchman, *but indeed more true than any of them, I would entertain you with the greatness and splendor of my Family, I would tire your patience with the History*

of

of my Ancestors atchievements, both in War and Peace; I would swear by all the powers of Heaven and Hell, that my noble blood is at least three hundred years old. You could have in a minute the particulars of all the notable passages of my own life, wherein you would confess that I never failed to fortune, but she failed me, and turned against me; you should learn in how many famous Sieges I have got glory, and reaped Laurels. I would come to that height of impudence as to offend your modesty by discovering you my wounds: Nay perhaps in a pedantick humor, I could reckon you, amongst other improvements and fruits of my wit, that I possess five tongues, of which Latin and Greek are those I speak best; but all this shew being made by an obscure man, that shines so little, and makes now so small a figure in the World, would prove altogether insignificant and fitter to make me ridiculous than commendable.

commendable to you. I know——— he was yet ſpeaking, when *Berenice* being able no longer to forbear laughing, took opportunity of his merriment to interrupt him, *how! Sir*, cryed ſhe, *you can ſpeak Latin, and dare complain againſt Fortune; I have always been told, that Latiniſm is an infallible ſpring of goods to them that attain to it; could not you drop handſomely into a Colledge, and get a fellowſhip?* He fell himſelf a laughing heartily. *Yes indeed*, continued ſhe, *a Cap on your Head, and a Rod in your Hand would fit you marvelouſly well, you, I ſay, whom nature hath inriched with a ſevere countenance, ſo much gravity and ſeriouſneſs.* He thought himſelf ingaged to nouriſh the ſport, and back the reſt: ſo alledging the reaſons that might take him from ſo glorious a deſign, he ſaid, *He was endowed with ſo tender and mild a nature, that he could never uſe the neceſſary rigour*

rigour in a Schoolmaſters place; that he was too much afraid to ſee himſelf forced to get tears out of tender and innocent eyes. Now if I aſſure you, ſaid ſhe, *that there is no man in the world, who cauſeth ſuch abundance of tears to be ſhed, as you, what will you think, Sir, of that tenderneſs and mildneſs of nature you ſo confidently boaſt of? If you could prove it,* reparteed *Lyſandre, I would take up arms againſt my humour, put it to a ſtrict trial, condemn it as an inconſtant, and force it by all means to recover its former ſenſibility. Well,* ſaith ſhe, *arm then againſt it, go on ſtreight way and fight it, let your attendance be more aſſiduous, that I may judge of your amendment, be you from henceforth more neat and curious in apparel, and be perſwaded that one loves you; this very night take ſo cloſe meaſures that you may immediately ſucceed to a troubleſome fellow that leaves me very late, and*

prepar-

repare ſeriouſly to open me the true ſentiments of your heart about that which my ſincerity hath open'd to you.

He roſe, upon that, with his mind ſo prepoſſeſſed and flattered with ſweet Idea, that he forgot to make his congy, not daring perhaps and the brightneſs of ſo charming maids eyes which look'd him out to the very chamber door.

Our Cavalier ſeing himſelf ſo unavoidably ingag'd to make a formal and poſitive declaration to a perſon whoſe deſigns were altogether unknown to him, was mighty uneaſy, his trouble not permitting him to go home ſtraightway, leſt he ſhould meet there with a company that might interrupt his thoughts, he ran to the Rampart which he walked twice round about with ſuch wandering of mind, that his very friends miſtook him. An Officer, who was upon duty at *Boldukes* gate, ſtopp'd him on a ſudden, and

queſtion'd him about the matter th
could make him ſo dull and melan
cholick, but not being able to g
a word out of his mouth, he ſa
jeſtingly, *Upon my word, Frien
you are catch'd, ſome fair eye ſm
you, be ye aware of being liſted amon
thoſe perplexed Lovers that go eve
day and talk flouriſhed nonſence to ſ*
Berenice: *Faith, they ſay, ſhe looks
you with a very kind eye, and that y
perceiv'd it a great while ago, but wha
what one may think on it? ſhou
there be any cooling in her flame,
did any humour of hers caſt you into t
ugly temper?* At ſo troubleſome a
unlucky queſtions *Lyſandre* reparte
nothing elſe, but that a ſad accide
concerning private affairs had
faln him, which he was troub
for, and call'd meer trifles all th
he ſaid about the deſign of his
ſits to the Colonels daughter; th
friendly touching the Officers ha
he went on in his way renew

his interrupted meditation. But whiles he is walking at a good rate, and gets out of our sight, let us come back into *Berenices* chamber, and hear how eloquently the Major exaggerates his passion.

This pretended favourite gave attendance upon her about night. He met there a full and noble company, which purposely he tired with a world of discourses that smelt nothing at all of a civil and compleasant Gentleman: he affected to stay the last, and after the Company was out, made a motion concerning that scurvy matter, that laid so heavy upon his heart, that he had a Rival, but was so unfortunate as to not know, who. *Berenice* who was out of measures with him, because he himself did very freely deal with her, told him as before; *He had, indeed, a Rival, but such a one, as should by no means hurt him, and that it would be always in his power to get, not only the possession he*

so passionately aim'd at, but also a great fortune withal. Our Major not being able to stay any longer, intreated her, one knee upon the ground, to pull off the vail of so important a Mystery. She getting him up again with a kind manner led him along with her to the bottom of an *Alcove*, whose obscurity might do extreamly well for the shadowing of that privacy, wherewith she had a mind to entertain a while the poor coufened Gallant. This extraordinary carriage put him in a great hope of some private favour, though the fool was never so far off in all his life. He sits down by her, the closest he could, being unwilling to lose a word of the precious speech of his Mistress, who in the mean time affected to speak low, that he might conceive how repugnantly she explain'd her self upon the matter. Heaven! what is not a witty and amorous woman capable to do

Sh

She told him, *She knows away how to get themselves both happy for ever, but that modesty, which is the natural portion of her Sex, would forbid her to tell it, yet she could not be silent without missing a fair opportunity to serve him, and without betraying her own self-interest.* This feign'd perplexity which the Major believed real and true, inflam'd him more and more, and fed his curiosity with a new store of impatience, he prays, intreats, urges, instanceth, and swears so many oaths, he would be secret in case the intreague that was to be truſt'd him, should come to miscarry, that she thought no more seasonable to dissemble, fearing besides, that any longer delay might perhaps quite break her measures, and bring the whole contrivance to nothing. *Sir*, saith she, *I must confess it, I am too free, but no matter, they must try fortune, that pretend to her favours. I truſt you*

such a secret, as shall discredit me for ever, if you prove not a religious keeper of your Oath. Since heaven, who, no doubt, appointed us one for th' other, got me acquainted with you, I felt my heart so lively smitten that from the insensibility he had hitherto been in to love, he grew tender on a sudden: that extraordinary tenderness is much increased and strengthned through our mutual Society, and is come now to such a degree, as not to permit mē to look upon any other object in the world but yee. You are inrich'd with all those parts that may inchant a heart and disarm the most severe Ladies; So' tis a piece of justice to me to submit to that Union which heaven prescrib'd. But as on one side I would be extreamly sorry, that afterwards you might have the least cause to reproach me the meanness of my fortune; and as on the other I do ardently desire to see you set up in a place in a manner answerable to your worth, here is that which I con-

trive

rive both for the getting of the one, and the avoiding of the other: You must, dear Major, play for a while the Rival of your self, by using in my behalf all the influence you may have upon your Colonels inclinations, to get me shortly married with him. You know well enough how old he is, you presume of his strength, and may easily conceive, he won't go far off. In the mean time I'l bend all the powers of my wit, to rule the old man; so the Colonels-lieutenancy that is now vacant, attends you surely, as well, as all the others benefits wherewith he will gratifie both my youth and my birth. 'Tis true, indeed, sweet-Lady, interrupted here the Major, *that the Colonel is old, that I have a great power upon him; but who shall warrant me, that his careses, his nights efforts, pardon the freedom of this word, will bring him to the grave? Nay, your company may revive him. It is rare to see people of lusty and strong complexion out-live an*

age. This possibility being granted, what will become of our projects? what will become of your flourishing youth? what our mutual flames will end to? and who shall warrant it, that I may live among so many Causes of mortal sorrows, wherein I shall see my self overwhelm'd? I would willingly undertake to serve you in this occasion, but, indeed, the Colonel-lieutenancy, whose hope ought to flatter me, hath no charms enough to make me look with a cold indifference on the loss of Berenice. Yet, my dear, reparteed she briskly, you must resolve to do me that important service, which I will not fail to acknowledge and return in due time. It is better for ye to enjoy in hope by obliging me, than to run the hazard of an eternal privation, by refusing to second me in an affair wherein our common interest is the only end, I aim at. Do not balance all your objections, how reasonable and strong soever they may appear to your eyes, will be weak and groundless

to

to mine. Pray, forbear to trouble me with reasons that I cannot hear without indignation, seal up to me your love and zeal with the sacrifice of your own sentiments, and be sure, you shall not oblige an ungrateful woman. This bit seem'd to the Major to be of a very hard digestion; yet he must either swallow it, or fall down from the favour of one, which he would not have disoblig'd for all the world. *What?* mumbled he low, but loud enough to be taken up by *Berenice*, *To act the Rival of my self, was this ever heard of? Or, was ever any man brought to so cruel a destiny?* Then, lifting up his voice, he spake after this manner. *Being, dear Lady, you are so firmly wedded to your opinion, and will not in the least remit of the necessity you set me in, to become in a manner my own hangman by playing my self Rival, I do the more willingly yield to that fatal law of death, you impose upon me, because, in effect,*

after I have loſt you; I can't but languiſh and pine away, being delivered up to troubles and deſpairs far more cruel than the very death it ſelf. Yes, you ſhall be obey'd, unmercifull Lady, I will blind my ſelf to ſerve you, and uſe my utmoſt power to ſecure and haſten that high mutch your Ambition aimeth to. But as you have required my Oath, ſo I hope you can't but give me yours. To which the crafty Lady having reparteed, ſhe would; he made her ſwear, ſhe would be as good as her word, aſſoon as Heaven, who ſeem'd to have ordained them one for the other, ſhould open the way to their happy marriage. *Berenice* did not account her conſcience to be thereby very much concerned. Love, who is none of the moſt pious Gods, is neither none of the moſt faithful, and it ſeems, Antiquity did, to no other purpoſe ſet a band on his eyes, but to allow him a full liberty to miſtake. Our Major promiſed, he

ſhould

should the very next morning go and try the Colonels dying inclinations, that if in the old man could but a little spark be found, he would kindle it into a fire, and fail not, over all, to speak of *Berenice* according to that high opinion, he had conceiv'd of her parts, and give her an exact account of his conduct; then he kissed her hand, which privacy she did willingly allow him to refresh his heart and sweeten his sorrow.

This conversation having indured above three hours at candlelight, one may conceive how great was the impatience of *Lysander* who had waited so long. Instead he could be in some manner comforted by the pastime he had to hear all through a door lying behind the Tapestry, and going to a chamber next the *Alcove*, wherein they had betaken themselves; however certain it is, what he heard, surprised him strangely, and perplexed

him

him as much as that, *Berenice* told him the morning he came resolved to answer ambiguously about the declaration he was ingag'd to by her, but the last things he heard through the door did so much confound him, that his consternation was visible at the very first moment he open'd his mouth to speak. Nevertheless, through the stream of an indifferent conversation, he took by degrees his Spirits again, and thought fit to dissemble that he knew any thing of the Secret discourse in the *Alcove*. Now, because *Berenice*'s speech concerning her love for him did as much smell, in his judgement, of a Sport, as of a truth, he took as a pastime to answer gallantly gallant propositions: which he did after this manner. *Could I fear, Madam, you would dislike my freedom, I should never get loose so far out of the bounds of respect and duty, as to publish, I love you;*

you; but being, that both the strength and evenness of your wit are known to me, and that I have received of you an express command to speak without disguise, I will not balance to tell ye again, I love you; if it be without hope, God knows: but this I may say, my self-love doth not blind me so much as to fill my heart with hope. There would be a great folly to speak more and spend time upon ridiculous and chimerical pretensions. What! what d'ye call chimerical pretensions, reply'd Berenice? Am not I worth enough your wooing? Or is my quality so low under yours, that I must banish all hopes out of my heart? No, dear Lady, answered Lysandre, I do not mean it so. It is I whose hope should be vain and groundless. It is I who might deserve to be turn'd into ridicule, if I had the temerity to aspire to such a noble alliance. That humble apprehension ye have of your self, added she, is a strong argument of

of your merit. It makes me conceive, that I can't but be very happy under the Government of a man that maketh so great an account of me, but pray is there nothing else but modesty that moveth you to speak so? Or is it not, you love so much your liberty, that you would not exchange it to that of a maid? By no means, pursued he; liberty, indeed, is a precious Jewel, but it will be always both pleasant and glorious to Lysandre, to make a sacrifice of it to a Lady infinitely handsome and reasonable: this last part is rarer than the former, and I may say, without flattery, that amongst all those of your Sex, I am acquainted with, I know none but you, that possesseth eminently these two excellent and almost divine qualities. You are extreamly obliging, said she, if I trust a mans word, there will be none in the Town, but me that deserves the sacrifice of your heart. So it is, reparteed Lysandre, there is none but you, that may rob me of it, and

there

there is none also but you, to whom I durst venture to proffer it. Would ye ingage it heartily, dear Lysandre? Yes divine Creature, if I could believe you would accept of it. But, Lysandre, if you chance to trust it to a capricious one, you'l have time enough to repent your choice. If you be that capricious one, I am ready to adore your caprices. Well, Lysandre, saith Berenice, since I see you so firmly resolved to love me, what humour soever I may have, I resolve to love ye for ever as ye are; and, plainly to satisfie your judgement that I am in earnest, I must needs open you the merry trick I am now about, by turning a man, who presumes I love him, into the very Rival of his own self, and ingaging him to serve both you and me against his own will and interest. Upon that she acquainted him at large with the love of the Major, the means she was using to rid her self of the coxcomb, and under what colours, pretensions and hopes she had

him

had perſwaded him to get her in the Colonels affection. *You, and I, dear* Lyſandre, ſaith ſhe, *which both nature and birth have deſtin'd to an higher and better figure than that we are now in, cannot more dextrouſly and wiſely ſet up our fortune, than by keeping and vouriſhing ſecretly for a while our mutual flames, until you be further advanced in the world, and better provided of goods; I look upon my match with the Colonel as a buſineſs almoſt over, I ſhall then ſo cunningly handle the good old mans brain, that his Lieutenancy now vacant can't miſs to fall upon ye. A man of ſo many ſcore of age, whom warlike labours have undermined, ſhall not live long. The vain hope of an heir will move him to gratifie me with his eſtate. He is extreamly at eaſe; ſo we ſhall through this ſuperficial Union, get what to live happily, pleaſantly and ſplendidly withall.* The Major hath much credit upon the Decrepit's mind, as he flatters himſelf

wit

with the hope of injoying me, ſo he is diſpos'd to neglect nothing that may carry on the buſineſs, he ſhall to morrow night give me an account of the effect of his firſt eſſays, which ye will be preſently acquainted with. Now, dear Lylandre, after ſuch an intimate confidence, could ye keep any longer within your heart any miſtruſt injurious to my ſincerity, and doubt ſtill that I love you? Confeſs it [redacted] ſhould not ye be the moſt unjuſt of men, if hereafter you were not as open to me as I am ingenuous to you; what do ye anſwer, dear Captain? are ye ſenſible of ſo tender a declaration? Is there any thing in my project, you may be offended at? This happy and beloved lover took up here the ſpeech, and ſoftly ſhaking his head, ſpoke ſo: I! dear Lady, I could find any faults in your projects! Nay, if I did not approve of them as juſt and reaſonable, I would deem my ſelf to be the moſt unjuſt and unreaſonable man in the world. All that ye have contrived pleaſeth me,

and

and there is nothing in my power, but I would ingage heartily, to bring to an happy success a purpose that can't be but extreamly agreeable and advantageous to me. But, being, your ingenuity awakes mine, I must needs swear you, charming Goddess, that since the first moment I saw you, I lost my freedom, that my heart yielded to the baits of your incomparable beauty, and that the coldness you have remarked in my carriage, came not out of indifference, but, indeed, out of a deep sense and respectful apprehension of that heap of the most excellent parts wherewith Heaven hath been pleas'd to adorn you. It goeth with a strong passion of love, as with an extraordinary sorrow. An ancient says wisely that little pains speak, but great sorrows are dumb. My love kept his peace in your presence, because being exceeding vehement, he might never have been able to express himself in that measure and after that manner, he was resented with; and if now he breaks

out,

out, 'tis not so much to publish his excess, as to spend himself through a thousand thanks for the choice ye made of a man so little qualified. You did just now, obliging Divinity, work a miracle; you gave again the use of his tongue to a man who had lost it, but in that I may say, you did me justice, since you gave me again what your divine perfections had long before taken away from me. Berenice was very quietly hearing *Lysandre*, and taking a great pleasure in his flourish, he nevertheless should have been glad to be interrupted, but getting no answer he rose up as fearing lest his longer stay should be troublesome to her, and took his leave after he had intreated her never to bely her self, and to go on stedfastly in the carrying on and managing of their plot. Whereupon *Berenice* having assur'd him of an eternal and unshaken constancy, he retir'd very well satisfi'd of his destiny.

All this while our presumptuous Major grown up with the new quality of his self-rival stands in a secret and intimate conference with the Colonel, there unfolding and setting all the sails of his eloquence to move him, and cunningly handling the most pathetical reasons to kindle again his almost dead fires, and get him up in love, he represents unto him that, to pass away his time in so sad and fretful solitariness, is rather to languish than to live; that all the world admires why, having so great an estate, he looks not for the last and sweetest comforts of this life in the society of some amable person; that what service soever he may receive of a considerable number of attendants, yet such a service, being interest'd, ought not to be compar'd with the tender cares he might expect from a wife that would serve him out of inclination; that the example of *David* is a precedent for him,

him, and secures his reputation against biting tongues, in case he will joyn with some young woman; and in fine, that none but indiscreet and foolish folks should be thereby scandalized, and laugh sillily at his revived flames. Love, who seeks for nothing so forwardly as for the perpetuating of himself and the improving of his Empire, takes part with the Major, drops in the old mans heart, and causeth him to answer with a smile: *That he was apt enough to follow his counsel, if he could meet with an object worthy ones while, that long ago he had a great propensity that way, if his continual diseases had permitted him to take a turn in* Holland *or* Flanders; *because to his apprehension,* Maestrich *was so little furnished with exquisite beauties, that he knew there not one which might awake his passion: That, indeed, the several Nations, especially the* English *and* French, *had brought up some*

Gallantry

Gallantry in the town, that there could be found some well bred and witty creatures, but they were, for the most part, wither'd and liable to suspicion. Ah, Sir, resumes the Major, *must it be, that some braces of foolish and giddy Women set shame on the forehead of a great many innocent? I confess, There is scarce in all* Europe *a town that affords so little store of Beauties as* Measstrich, *but yet it is not so absolutely unprovided with, but there may be some one that will contend with the very* English *and* Dutch *Beauties themselves. They are then Closet-pieces,* pursued the old fellow; *They dare not appear in publick, for fear of becoming too common; they are afraid of the Sun-burning; or it may be, they scruple to shame the rest of those of their Sex. Prethee Major give me an instance, shew me some fair of that Character; thou hast described I know, there is no place so close, no house or family so severe, but thou may'st get in a free*

access

access by thy fair humour and ingageing manners. There, no doubt, thou saw'st some extraordinary merit; Oblige me so much, as to tell me what thou didst discover there, that may deserve the ingagement of a noble Soul. *No need, Sir,* reply'd the Major, *to go so far, will ye know a maid that deserveth your love? Cast but your eyes upon Mistress* Berenice, *that worthy heiress of the great Vertues of your late friend the Colonel. This young Maid is eminently indow'd with the most excellent graces of Body and Soul, she is the wonder of her age, her Vertue, which stands any trial, get's her respect from the most licentious, and no man in the world can boast of the least favour of hers.* *That Maid,* reparteed the Colonel, *hath, indeed, all the parts, you said I knew her, when very young, and am better satisfy'd than any other of her excellent and curious breeding. But I can hardly believe she would sacrifice so flourishing*

a youth to so many loathsome infirmities of a man of my age, and prefer those small advantages, she may expect by her alliance with an old and almost overus'd Souldier, before all the pleasures that attend her by marrying some lusty and brisk young Gentleman. Could I hope, dear, Major, that charming Maid would give ear to any terms, through your mediation, I would be ready to do any thing in her behalf, and to acknowledge the good office, I should have received of you in that occasion. But how to blot out of her mind the sweet Ideas of so many compleat young Cavaliers who court her assiduously, and how to trace in, in their room the image of an old man no less troublesome than unable to breed Love? Sir, Sir, reply'd the Major, I pass my word confidently, that Mistress Berenice is none of those fickle and volatile Maids, which a suite of cloath well set, a Colour'd Ribban, a mingled Plumet, or a flourish, gently uttered out, may

intice,

intice, she hath a refined taſt, and I am enough acquainted with her, to aſſure you, she will wiſely prefer the ſolid benefits of your alliance before the falſe brightneſs of all thoſe Adonis, by whom she is every day beſieged. Give me but your word, that you love her, and let me alone for the reſt. I ſwear it Sir, ſaid the Old man, but, to come about my deſign, what am I able to do? my Gout gives me no truce, I cannot pay her a viſit. So I am out of all means to aſſure her of my love. No matter, anſwer'd the Major, I will govern her mind ſo dextrouſly, that she ſhall wait upon you to the very corner of your chimney; or elſe, if you think it more convenient to invite her your ſelf, write but a letter capable to make ſome impreſſion, and next it will be my part and buſineſs to help it with the moſt favourable commentary, I can. Forget not to feign, you thought upon her a great while ago, and that you have things of moment to acquaint

her withall. The old man likes the proposal, calls for pen and ink, and draws down himself the following lines.

Madam,

HAd my feet been as free as my hands, I had not fail'd to go and mingle my tears with those, you have shed upon the death of your late Father my intimate and unparalleled Friend; but although I should have been able to mistrust your resignation to the orders of Heaven, and believe you do need some comfort in so great a loss, yet I never had been capable to go and proffer it to you, being confined as I am by my infirmities within the compass of a chamber. I intreat you to make violence to your modesty by liking that I send you my Couch which I have had formerly with the late Colonel your Father many intimate hours of friendship, you shall not be sorry to know them. Master Major will

you the rest, and how much I am your servant.

The Major charg'd with this Letter went out presently to *Berenice*'s lodgings; he had no sooner paid her the usual duties, but, lifting up his voice as in a transport of joy, he told her: *Dear Lady, you have carried it, you have got all, and it will be long of none but you, that you do not injoy. read this note, it confirms what I say.* *Berenice* shew'd a great deal of gratitude to the Major and said, *that by obliging her, he had served himself,* and with sparkling eyes, witnesses of her joy, she kiss'd and read the Letter over and over. She thought not fit to answer the note by another; had not her own interest moved her to wait upon the Colonel, the deference and respect due to a man of that quality, and who had been so great a friend with her own Father, could not but perswade

her to pay him that civility; Therefore ſhe deſired the Major to acquaint his Colonel from her with an intire ſubmiſſion to his commands, and that, at his beſt opportunity ſhe would accept of his Coach. Our ſelf-Rival who, by a ſecret and almoſt prophetical motion, did as much tear the happy ſucceſs of this affair, as its miſcarriage, ſtood a while in ſuſpenſe before he anſwered, looking earneſtly upon the crafty Ladies eyes, which ſhe ſet down by modeſty; and then he told her: *Perhaps, Madam, I act in this play a ſtrange perſon, God forbid, it ſhould prove at laſt againſt my ſelf*: whereupon *Berenice* reply'd with a counterfeit anger: *Pray, Sir rid your ſelf of a thought ſo prejudicial to your peace, and ſo injurous to my faith, loſe no time, put an end to your enterpriſe, and truſt me for your happineſs.*

Thus the unfortunate Major thought best to venture all, to win all, he goeth straightway to the Colonel, acquaints him with the success of his negotiation, and he had no sooner turn'd his back, but *Lysandre* took his place, and in a familiar discourse with his Mistress knew all the transactions between her and the old Man. They were in the heat of so delightful a conference, when the Major arrived in the Colonels Coach and knocked at the door, she had no more time than needed, to get behind the hangings her dear *Lysandre*, who not being able to forbear coughing, gave birth to the suspicions and jealousy of the Major; yet he was pleased for that time to dissemble and give the lye to his ears; he took his pretended Mistress by the hand, led her to the Coach, and from her house to the Colonels. Bashfulness which is so natural to the fair Sex,

painted upon *Berenice* cheeks at the moment of her introduction into the Chamber, that precious vermillion, which contributes so much to the imbellishment of beauty: the old man made all imaginable efforts to stand up right and go to meet her; after sitting down at fire, it was first handsomely complemented on both sides; the discourse fell next upon the late Colonels death, whereupon *Berenice* paid an abundant duty of tears and sighs. The Major fearing it would be a hard matter to pass from an extream sadness to that mirth, which ought to prepare them to the opening and receiving joyful propositions, broke seasonably their discourse by rising up with precipitation, and feigning to have now an appointment at the Governours Palace. It was of his prudence to set so the old man in measures and give him opportunity to speak alone; he took then his leave

leave for an hour or two, which he ſpent in the next gallery amongſt the moſt extravagant fancies that jealouſy can afford in ſuch circumſtances: after his being retir'd, our old man drew with much ado his elbow-chair near that of *Berenice*, changed his Screen to hers and ſpoke after this manner: *Madam, the Language of a man of my age is a great deal different from that of a perſon which but begins to live: A young Wooer that would make you his declaration of love, ſhould uſe choſen terms, and ſhould not venture to entertain you with the diſcourſe of his paſſion, before having, through a long acquaintance, got ſome favourable prejudice for his deſign; but a man who contends with death, ought to ſpeak more freely, becauſe he ſpeaks with more ſincerity. My life hath had, as well as that of others, its ages and its Language; It is come now to that point, wherein a man may ſpeak with*

ſecurity. My lord your Father was the beſt of my Friends, and to my judgment I can't bear any better witneſs to that eternal friendſhip, we ſwore one another, than by making you heireſs of the remembrance, wherewith I do honour his memory. All that I poſſeſs in this world is altogether inſignificant to revive his aſhes, but, ſweet Lady, if you would accept of my alliance, then I might boaſt of having tried all poſſible ways to revive him. This open declaration perhaps ſurpriſeth you, but I may circumſtance it with ſo many advantageous conditions, that, far from giving you any juſt offence, it is moſt capable to convince a Maid, as witty and judicious as ye are. You know well enough, Dear Child, that you can but hardly, by the inconſiderable eſtate my Lord left ye, get a fortune that may anſwer your birth and the greatneſs of your heart. Men now adays do little value birth and wit without riches, and we ſhould call back again the time of our

old

old Romances Hero's, to ground upon beauty alone. Heaven that heaped in your person both the graces of the body, the parts of the wit, and the glory of a noble extraction, refused you the benefits of fortune, whose privation, although indeed they are by themselves contemptible and despicable, is nevertheless accounted, in this blind and unjust age, the greatest of all imperfections. The respect I bear to the memory of our illustrious Dead, and the tenderness, I have conceived for your amiable Person in particular, caused me a hundred times to reflect upon your fate with tears in my eyes. I have lifted up my self above my age; forgot its coldness, and thought having no heirs and being so near my grave, I could seal up and consummate all your excellent parts by adding to them the last prerogative, you want for. If you yield to my desires, all that I possess is yours; ye see, I am old, sickly, subject to such infirmities, as would never permit me

to live long. Now, Dear Miſtreſs, if your heart pleads for my happineſs, pray make haſt to declare it, as many minutes you delay to give you to me will be as many halfs of an happy life, you rob me of. I confeſs, a conjugal union with ſome young Gentleman of your age ſhould be long weighed in the ſcale of wiſdom, and would require a great many reflections before coming to a final agreement; but that which I proffer you, being but for a while, requires not ſo much conſideration. Well, Madam, urged now the old man, how d'ye like my motion? What d'ye think on it, ſweet Lady? That it is both honourable and advantageous to me, ſaid Berenice with a modeſt ſmile: without ſo much ado, Sir, I give my conſent, I owe too much to your bounty, to refuſe you any thing, but do me the favour to believe, I act in this affair leſs by intereſt than gratitude. Yes, Sir, I right both you and me, when I ſacrifice my liberty and my cares to a perſon

I am so far ingaged to, through so many and so antient obligations, you shall be obeyed as soon as you please; a note from your hand will call me at any time to my duty; but I would be glad, our business should make no noise abroad, and that I were sooner honoured with the quality of your wife, than the Town, or your very servants might know it. This sweet consent being so delivered up, the old man put forth his hand, took that of *Berenice*, and then they swore one another an inviolable and everlasting fidelity; whereupon the Major coming into the Chamber, ended their charming conversation. The Colonel bids him to sit down, sends the footman back, and addressing to the Major, tells him merrily: *Could ye believe it, Sir, that a man as heavy as I am, might run so far in so little while? Could ye be perswaded, I have stormed in an hour the finest and strongest place in this country, and*

that

that this amable Child, pointing to *Berenice, is now mine? Yes, why not,* replyed the Major, *a man that grew old in the wars as ye did, doth not he know all engines, tricks and ſtratagems whereby places are taken in? and as for that you call Madam* Berenice *yours, could there be found in all the world a perſon that deſerves better your adoption? Say rather, my ſelf,* reſumed the Colonel, *ſince I gave my ſelf wholly to her, and am no more mine. How Sir,* purſued the Major! *is it poſſible? What betrothed ſo ſoon, that is to go very faſt indeed, that is to diſpatch matters pretty well. Two Souls born one for the other,* interrupted pleaſantly *Berenice, knit together at the firſt approach, and their union is ſo natural, nay ſo neceſſary, that it muſt be made in ſpight of all contrary efforts, and it paſſeth by all ſorts of conſiderations ſoever. I bleſs God, Madam,* ſaid the Major, *that he hath been pleaſed to give his hand to the*

execution of a match, which he had decreed from all eternity, and I will prove none of the leſs zealous to honour with feaſts and pieces of Gallantry your illuſtrious Alliance. The Colonel thanked his Major for his kindneſs and civility, truſted into his hand the handſome Bride, to carry her back; fearing, if he ſhould keep her the whole day according to the motion of his heart, ſome body might have occaſion to ſuſpect ſomething through ſo long an abſence. The company roſe up: Madam *Berenice* profered a kiſs to her old ſenſible, who ſtaid half a quarter of an hour glued upon her cheeks, even to the very ſhedding of tears out of joy. I leave you to think whether our unfortunate Self-Rival bore this action very patiently in his heart; he, I ſay, who reckoned all the kiſſes, the old man did give to *Berenice*, and looked upon them, as, as many

thefts of his own goods; but being of his moderation and policy to diſſemble, he plaid fairly the part of a Paranymph, ſtopping up the ſentiments of a deſperate lover, he led my Lady to the Coach, and attended her to her lodging, where he had not time to injoy the pleaſure of a long converſation, becauſe the Colonel, either already grown jealous, or impatient to get all things in order againſt the next day, had deſired him to return as ſoon as he could; taking his leave of the Lady, he offered to kiſs her hand as he was uſed to do, but ſhe refuſed him that favour with a gentle pride; whereupon he could not forbear to tell her: *What? Madam, I did preſume, my ſervices ought to make me bolder, and you more private; but it proves now quite contrary, you refuſe that to day by contempt, which you granted me yeſterday by inclination; have you a mind to juſtify the ſen-*

tence

sence that saith, humours change manners: *or am I guilty of any fault that may deserve the privation of your esteem?* By no means, Sir, answered *Beremice*, *if I deny you to day, what I granted yesterday, 'tis out of justice, not of any resentment. I could not, without crime (since ingratitude is one) forget the great benefits I received of your zeal; but could I neither, without injustice, dispose of a good that is no more mine; you know to whom I belong; When heaven hath put an end to the work, whose happy consummation I am so greedy of, then I will prove as much faithful to you, as I am now to him, which the same heaven hath set over me for some while.* So judicious and reasonable an answer ought to satisfy and calm again the most peevish of men; yet the Major could not like it, because he had foolishly fancy'd, this alliance should serve but as a shadow to his pleasures,

he

he made to himself a great violence to stop his humour, and coldly took his leave of *Berenice*; but as soon as he had stept into the Coach, he gave himself over as a prey to the most terrible trouble of mind that can be imagined, he bids the Coachman to drive twice round about the town. The coach was very well stuff'd with cotton, nevertheless he finds himself uneasie within. One while he leans on his elbow at the right, another, at the left hand; puts now his hat on his knee, then on his his head; looks earnestly on the boot, yet, being there saluted by many, he saluted none again. 'Tis impossible to tell how several and extravagant postures he puts himself upon, till at last he arrives at his Rivals house, where he calls back all that he can of his former tranquillity, but, alas, in vain: as far as the old man could see him, he cryed out merrily, *Well, Sir, what is my pretty Lady now a doing?*

doing? What buſineſs was ſhe about, when you left her? He heard not a word of that; being come nearer, the Colonel reiterates the ſame queſtion, which he heareth with the ſame attention. So ſtrange a wandering of thoughts ſurpriſed the old man, who for the third time, went on in his former motion; but at that, our Lover quite out of countenance anſwered, Yes, Sir, yes; which as you may judge, was a very extravagant repartee: at firſt the Colonel was apt to believe his Major had been ingaged in ſome exceſſive drinking, but reflecting upon the little while, there was ſince he had left him, and ſeeing beſides, he looked not at all as a ſuddled man, he conceived ſo ill an opinion of this miniſter of his love, that he could never ſince find in his heart to look upon him with a good eye; he played nevertheleſs fair to him, invited him to ſupper, and through the ſeveral diſ-

courſes,

courses they had together, he perceived clearly, he was not at all satisfied of *Berenice*.

Lysandre who was always busy about some cloath, which he did never buy, in a Drapers shop next to his dear Ladies lodging, observed from thence all the Majors steps, and what time he was either going in or coming out of the house, he spyed that day above three hours, and after he had at last seen him step in to the Coach, he immediately flew to *Berenice*, which allowed him to savour an hundred kisses upon her sweet lips with as much privacy, as with pride she refused to the Major a simple kiss of her hand. She summed up to him all that came to pass in the interview with the old man; next they both renewed their mutual protestations of an eternal love, and then the wise Lady for some just reasons dismissed him with an unvaluable kiss, strickly forbid-

ding,

ding him to wait any more upon her in that house, lest his visits might perhaps prejudice his fortune; and advising him further to court more assiduously the Colonel, about whom she would not fail to serve him to her utmost power. Scarce was he out of his Mistresses presence, but there came in the Colonels Chamber-Gentleman, who had order to look what persons should be with *Berenice*, and to desire her from his Master, to get herself ready against the next morning by nine a clock for an extraordinary breakfast.

In effect about that time, after the Majors arrival into the Colonels house, the Horses were put into the Coach, and he receiv'd command to fetch in forthwith Mistress *Berenice*. She waited for him impatiently, being risen up betimes that day, and having us'd all her skill to get herself extraordinary hand-

handſome, and yet keep ſtill the modeſty of her mourning apparel; which deſign ſucceeded her ſo well, and ſo happily joined Art with Nature to ſet off her Beauty, that as ſoon as the Major caſt his Eyes upon her, trouble and confuſion laid hold on his diſtreſſed Soul. 'Alas! ſaid he, is this the divine 'treaſure I am a going to ſacrifice 'to the paſſion of a Rival? If Hea'ven ought to refuſe it to my vows, 'ſhould he uſe my own hand to 'deliver it up into anothers? O un'fortunate Major! O too happy 'Colonel! Why doth not fortune 'regard rather ſtrength and merit, 'than greatneſs and riches? O Hea'ven, what ſtrange inequality of 'ages! But 'tis to inveigh, to no 'purpoſe; 'tis to ſpend idly ones 'while, purſued he; 'tis to provoke 'you, Madam, to declaim any longer 'againſt the malice of fate: This 'unjuſt Divinity hath condemn'd

'me

me to play the ridiculous Rival of my self; you have subscrib'd my sentence, and now you force me to put it into execution. Your transports, interrupted *Berenice*, being interpreted by me, are not absolutely to be deem'd unreasonable, but they are neither to be altogether allow'd. I confess, 'tis a hard case for a man that loves sincerity to see another preferr'd before himself; but when such a preference, which in these present circumstances we must call a preference for a while, is to be turn'd to our own advantage for ever; then it ought to temper our impatience, and calm all our troubles; or else we are rather our own foes than the right lovers of our good: 'Tis true indeed you act now in a manner the Rival of your self, but certain it is, you do it for your own sake, and upon account of great hopes. Forbear

then,

'then, dear Sir, to curse a destiny 'that doth you more service than 'wrong; the time to come will 'make good what I say. 'But Sir, added she, 'is it not to try a little 'too long the patience of the com-'pany that waits for us? Will ye 'be pleas'd to comply with their 'desires? I will, Madam, repar-teed the Major: 'If I have detain'd 'you so long, 'tis, Madam, be-'cause your presence blots out of 'mens memory all the rest of the 'World. Let us go then, dear and 'precious Victim, let us go, I will 'be the witness and Priest of your 'Sacrifice. God grant, in a short 'time you may be the Divinity to 'whom in my turn, I may devote the 'Sacrifice of my self. Come, Madam, 'let us go when you please; remem-'ber but my fidelity, and what steps 'I have made for you. After these last words, he took *Berenice*'s hand, and she shak'd him by his own, as

a token that his vows would be fulfill'd in due time.

The Colonel, to whom Joy lent a new ſtore of ſtrength, met his Bride at the ſtairs, from whence he led her gallantly into the room, wherein a Notary and the Parſon of the Pariſh Church waited for them. There was but little talking; the contract was plain, containing a general, free and exceptionleſs donation, after death, of all the ſaid Lord Colonels goods, both movable and unmovable, effects, properties or appendants whatſoever, to his future Wife. Which being done and ſign'd, they engag'd reciprocally their Faith before the company, which ſubſcrib'd as Witneſſes to the action.

No Wedding was ever made with ſo little noiſe as this; only the Major dined, and ſpent the remnant of the day with the Colonel and his new Lady; and the very

ſer-

ſervants of the houſe were not a little amaz'd, when at night offering to undreſs their Lord, there came a Gentlewoman, who paid the ſame duty to a Lady which got firſt into the Bed. They believed all, it was a dream; but the next morning the tydings of this alliance became publick in Town, and *Lyſandre*, whom *Berenice* had given notice unto, came in, and before all the family wiſh'd to the Colonel much Joy, and an heir both of his Vertues and his illuſtrious Blood. After this publication, there was nothing but Feaſts, Tourning, Races, ſplendid Entertainments, Balls, Plays, and other pieces of Gallantry, wherein the Officers of the Regiment, and amongſt them the Major and Captain *Lyſandre* were the moſt forward and conſiderable Hectors. As any thing ſeems to be lawful in ſuch great ſolemnities, ſo in this the moſt grave

grave and most severe Gentlemen would appear very merry and free, except only our Major, who, contrary to his temper, shew'd all along a very sad and scurvy carriage; he conceived the preference was due to him by all means, yet he was one of those whom my Lady seem'd the least concern'd at; nay, she could not so severely master her natural tendency to *Lysandre*, but it broke out something by the Treason of her Eyes, and the freedom of her mouth, which being perceived by the clear-sighted jealousie of the Major, was indeed a deadly stroke to his Heart. The feast lasted five-days, which while the variety of sports did not permit our new Spouses to have any other discourses but concerning matters of Gallantry; but when the house was set again in its former tranquillity, and my Lord had laid upon my Lady the old manage-

ment of his houſhold, he fell nea
to acquaint her with the knowledg
of his private affairs.

One day they were a talking to
gether in the morning at Bed, h
ask'd her, whether upon the eve o
their Wedding ſhe could not re
member to have given to the Ma
jor any cauſe of diſpleaſure? Ad
ding, that after he had brough
her home, being returned back, h
was all at a loſs, and almoſt ou
of his wit; to which the Crafty
Lady anſwered, it was ſo indeed
and now ſhe begun to diſcover t
him how the Major was that ver
time ſo bold as to require of he
the favour of kiſſing her hand, an
how ſeverely ſhe rebuked his bold
neſs; then making uſe of the op
portunity, ſhe made him ſo hide
ous a picture of the man, that th
Colonel grew ſuddenly hot; and a
the laſt age, becauſe of his weakneſ
is apt to be jealous, he blamed wit
ſhar

ſharp terms the Majors liberty which he took as an inſign affront put upon himſelf, and ſwore he would never make the leaſt intereſt to get him into the place of Lieutenant Colonel; but rather promote to it the laſt Captain of the Regiment. Upon that Oath, *Berenice* (ſhe will, if you pleaſe, go ſtill by that name) added, that indeed he would have reaſon to do ſo, and that if the people talked of the good grace, expences and ſwaggering of the Major, all the Garriſon did commend nothing ſo much as the prudence, wiſdom and moderation of a certain Captain, which ſhe believed was named *Lyſandre*. 'That *Lyſandre*, you ſpeak of, reparteed the old man, 'is an Officer 'of an extraordinary worth, and 'they ſay of him that he is the only 'Captain, who had no deſerters in 'his Company during two years, 'which is not a weak argument of

'his prudent conduct: I would have 'already made ſomething for him, 'had not I feared to offend the Ma'jor, and turn into a dangerous ene'my, a man that had alwayes a great 'part in my confidence. The wife *Berenice* inſiſted no further, leſt ſhe might appear to be partizan of *Lyſandre*. She thought the work was begun well enough, and, no doubt, it would ſucceed to the beſt advantage of her lover; ſo ſhe cunningly diverted the diſcourſe to ſome other matter concerning the Oeconomy of the Houſe.

Things ſtanding upon theſe tearms, came on a weighty buſineſs that was to be treated with his highneſs the Prince of *Orange* concerning the Regiment. There was a great honour to be got in ſo important a truſt; therefore *Berenice* was not idle. She concerned her ſelf too much in the glory of her dear *Lyſandre*, to not procure him

him a fair opportunity to get himſelf known to the Prince. She ſuſpected the Major would privately ſue for the commiſſion; and, indeed, the old man deſigned already to ſend him thither, but ſhe broke dextrouſly their meaſures, by perſwading the Major to not accept a commiſſion that would abſent him from her for a long while, ſwearing that, being bereft of his ſweet converſation, ſhe could not enjoy one happy day in the company of ſo old and exceeding troubleſome a husband. This intreaty was like a law to the Major, whom ſuch a tender teſtimony of love cured almoſt perfectly of all thoſe ſtrong ſuſpicions, he had conceived of a ſecret intreague between *Berenice* and *Lyſandre*; ſo at the firſt motion the Colonel made him for his journey at Court, he excuſed himſelf on pretence of a *Sciatica*, being thereby altogether unable to go either on

 horſeback,

horſeback, or in a Coach. *Berenice* was preſent when his excuſes were allowed, and after they had long debated, what Officer the management of the negotiation ſhould be truſted unto, *Berenice* took up the Speech, and ſaid to her husband, that two or three days ago he ſpoke to her of a certain Captain named *Lyſandre*, as a Gentleman of ſome extraordinary merit, and told her, amongſt ſeveral other Vertues, that Officer was indowed with, he was highly ſatisfied of his prudence and moderation; that this Character was fit for the buſineſs in hand, and ſo he would do very well to pitch upon none other but him. The Major who was looking for an opportunity to oblige *Berenice*, and beſides was very much content to remove *Lyſandre* from her, fell into the ſnare, and, for from Croſſing her nomination, he approved much of it, commending and

ſetting

ſetting off both the capacity and zeal of the choſen Captain; inſomuch that the Commiſſion was given to *Lyſandre* with order to depart forthwith.

He was no ſooner ſet out for his Journey, but a certain fellow that my Lady had turned away for a roguery, in hope of ſome recompence from the Major, came and told him, that Captain *Lyſandre*, before taking leave of the Colonel, had been in a cloſe and intimate conference with my Lady, and that he had heard all their diſcourſes. Our curious Major promiſed him a great reward, if he would tell exactly and orderly all that he heard. Well, Sir, ſhe began after this manner, purſued the rogue: 'Dear *Lyſandre*, O 'how much ingaged thou art to for-'tune; all things do concur to fa-'vour thy deſtiny. Now, my dear, 'now is the time to work. Now 'tis your buſineſs to act vigorouſly

'in the commission, be sure, my
'dear, your hope to the Colonel
'lieutenancy, won't be set upon a
'solid foundation, before you get in
'his highness esteem; take heed
'then to shew your ability and zeal
'to that Prince, who knows as well as
'any other in *Europe* how to distin-
'guish merit, and reward vertue.
'The Major, at first, had prevailed
'so far upon my husband, that he
'was resolved to trust him with this
'honourable negotiation, whose hap-
'py success had, no doubt, advanced
'him to the place, which I hope
'you'l obtain through my unwea-
'ried interest: but I found out, how
'to take advantage of his weakness.
'I feign'd, I could not want so long
'the comfort of his visits (poor silly
'fool, he seeth not, I deal so, to dis-
'able him for ever to make me any.)
'Go then, sweet Soul, go on; re-
'member, this is the first step thou
'makest into the temple of fortune:

'remember,

'remember, *Lysandre* and *Berenices* 'happiness lyeth in thy hands. A- 'dieu, my dear, fail not to have me 'acquainted with the place of thy 'abode, direct thy letters to my wai- 'ting women, she is faithful and 'wise. This is all that I could hear, said the perfidious footman; Enough in conscience for the Majors peace, and indeed, there was no need, this indiscreet wretch would add, that *Lysandre* answered shortly: 'How 'many thousand ways am I your 'slave, incomparable Lady, fear not, 'fear not, where *Berenice* com- 'mands, *Lysandre* is able to perform 'all things; and then they imbraced 'one another the most closely they 'could, nay to such a transport of 'delight, as to lift themselves up 'twice by turn out of the ground.

The Major shewed not himself sensible of this narrative before the fellow, he gave him money, and kept him in his house some while to

that purpoſe, we ſhall ſpeak of. If Love is ſometimes ſuſpicious without ground, that of the Major grew ſo with reaſon. Revolving within himſelf, from whence could proceed a reciprocal inclination whoſe greatneſs appeared in ſo dangerous a commerce, he was confounded through the variety of his thoughts, but after a long vexation of mind he reſolved to intercept *Lyſandre*'s letters to *Berenice*, his anger did not in the leaſt break out the four or five days, during which no tidings could come from *Lyſandre*; for, on one ſide he would put off the opening of his indignation to her untill he might be altogether convinced of a perfidy that could ſcarce find any belief within his Soul, what ſtrong prejudices ſoever the footman had given him; and on the other he found always *Berenice* ſo even in her diſcourſes and carriage towards him, that he had rather to bely his impreſſions

prefions for a while, than accuse her of infidelity upon a fuſpicion which he would have cleared in a ſhort time: he ſends then the footman to the factor of the Poſt-office, who knowing him well, and ſuppoſing he was ſtill a ſervant to the Colonel, did not ſcruple to give him a letter which Captain *Lyſander* wrote to his ſweet Lady. The Major was juſt coming out of the Colonels lodging, where he had received a great deal of new proteſtations of an everlaſting fidelity from *Berenice*, when the footman met him and delivered him the fatal letter. The direction to the waiting-woman, being agreeable to the teſtimony of the Rogue, caſt him in a dreadful perplexity; he ſcrupled whether he ought either to burn the letter for his queens ſake, carry it ſealed up to *Berenice*, or open it; at laſt after having ſpent the whole night in a great anxiety, he took the

party

party to read it. It was of this purport.

Madam.

ALL things do flatter them which you please to protect, when I remember, you interest your self in my favour, I take upon me an air so easy and proud, that my Friends seeing me this morning coming out of the Palace, took me to be something more than I am. If it is a good omen, God grant the success may answer it, and that I may shortly find my self in a condition to go and witness you my respect and gratitude with a million of thanks. I lodge at the Royal Princess upon the plain.

The reading of this Letter increased the trouble of the Major, it seemed to him enigmatical and the sense obscure, therefore he resolved to have it directed to the Colonels Centinel, who gave it to a servant,

from

from whose hands it came into those of the waiting maid, and next into my Lady's. *Berenice* read it with abundance of joy. It was short indeed, but the most compendious Love-Letters speak always enough. She answered it, but that answer escaped the curiosity of the Major, who would have willingly given an hundred Pistols for't. In the mean time *Berenice* perceived clearly, her Letter had been unsealed, and the indirect way it came by, confirmed her opinion. Now that it was intercepted by any trick of the Major, she could not imagine it; So she kept still with him the same countenance, untill some ambiguous words reflecting upon the matter having slipped out of his mouth through indiscretion, she doubted no more but he had surprised her favourites Letter; but it being convenient to dissemble, she feigned to not understand the discourse where he

betrayed

betrayed and contradicted himself so imprudently; nevertheless she conceived within her heart new seeds of hatred for him; Nay she cooled on a sudden in that very conversation, and appeared so dull and so wandering in her thoughts, that the Major at so subit an alteration took Omen from thence, there was some thing a contriving against him, he rose up and left coldly *Berenice*, who paid his coldness with her silence.

A bash of that nature offered to a Lady as sensible and refined as *Berenice*, by a man who seemed to be in the wrong, appeared in her Judgement unpardonable; but, pray, what had he to lose, that had nothing to hope? The Major on his side accounted himself highly injured by *Berenice*, and though it was no more season to dissemble with her, he waits upon her in the usual manner, asketh how stands the

business

business committed to *Lysander*, and when he must be prefer'd to the Vacant Lieutenancy. *Berenice* being scandalized at so rude a question, made answer, that she medled not but with her household, being conscious enough, all other matters were above the capacity of her wit: that my Lord could better satisfy him about his motion. The Majors impudence did certainly deserve the severity of this repartee; however he was extreamly amazed, and thought himself so much wrong'd by it, that he forgot himself to such a degree of indiscretion, as to say that a Footman who had newly left the livery came of his own accord and discovered to him so strange things, that one could scarce give any credit to them; and, although he suspended his judgement, yet he could not but be thereby in a great trouble; that if she doubts of the truth of his words, he takes upon himself,

himself, to cause the same Footman to tell again, in her presence, all that he had reported to him concerning her love with *Lysandre*. You have lost all your credit, and that part you have got in my esteem, said sharply *Berenice*, lifting up her voice, If you do not immediately produce before me that man, and if he maintaineth not his report to my face, win him at any rate, and bring him hither presently; go on, Sir I stay for you. The Major went home, call'd for the Footman and told him that in respect of his service, he had spoken a good word in his behalf to my Lady, and set him again into favour; that he must come along to get both his pardon and his Livery in his presence. This bait dazzleth the wretch, who seeth not how near he stands to the cudgel, which indeed he had over deserved; he follows his gentle mediator to the Colonels house; my Lady hath notice

tice of their coming, she bids all the servants to retire, and gets into the stable together with the Major and the honourable Rascal, shutting up the door for better security. Now the Major addressing to the Rogue saith to him; Friend, my Lady is more mercifull than thou art guilty, she forgives thee all thy faults on condition that thou shalt confess to have reported to me what passed between her and Captain *Lysandre*, before his departure for the *Hague*: First, didst not thou come to me of thy own accord, before I had ever spoken to thee, that I know of? Secondly, didst not thou—he was ready to go on, when the Boy who was not so dull as not to foresee the danger he was in, if he would not speak in favour of my Lady, answered him briskly: hark ye Master Major, there is no first nor second with me. First I came not to you, you met me. Secondly, I told you nothing

thing elſe but what the money, you gave me, made me tell ye; there is all, urge me no more; for, by God, I will declare how you imployed me to ſurpriſe the Letter, but I ſay no more; are ye content, Maſter Major? Maſter Major was quite out of countenance and ready to thunder againſt this wicked impoſtor; but my Lady, whoſe intereſt was to ſtifle the noiſe, told him, Maſter Major: we have got matters clear enough, ſend back this miſerable, he forgot your inſtructions; another time he will better play his part. At theſe ſharp biting words the Major took pet and came to that exceſs of paſſion as to forget a little the reſpect due to the houſe he was in; he ſpoke ſo loud two or three times, that all the family gathered together at the ſtable door to know what was the matter, and ſome of them, to help againſt the Footman, who in their apprehenſion was

brought

brought thither to none other purpose, but for his being soundly cudgelled. Their talking about that spent some while; my Lord being surprized to see no attendants about him, calls again and again, he cryeth, no body cometh; at last he crawleth along as well as he could to a window that looked into the yard, from whence he saw all his servants in allarm, he inquireth about the subject of their meeting, the servants withdraw, and just now both my Lady, the Major and the Footman come out of the stable. The old man who knew not what to think of this uproar, troubleth himself, and will know what passeth, one tells him that my Lady had been willing to have the Footman examined about some new roguery he had committed; but this answer did not satisfy him, and he complained that many things were concealed from him, for which, said he, that Rascal,

deserved,

deserved, may be, the halter. Amongst other servants there was one who had served him above twelve years, whom he trusted more than the others; he commands him to follow his Camrade, and pump out of him the secret of this business: some glasses of Wine unty'd the tongue of the fellow and he reveal'd the whole mystery to his friend who immediately acquainted his Master with it. The old man was vexed at the tidings, and fell into so great suspicions that at table he could not forbear to say in presence of my Lady and others, that the lasage was a very troublesome thing and that amongst other imperfections it had this, to serve as a sport to young folks, but, for his part, he was more clearsighted than one could imagine. The pain he took in unfolding this so imbroil'd mixture of interest between the Major *Lysandre* and his wife, brought him

into a deep melancholy, which, indeed, haſtened his death, he afterwards watched more carefully over the conduct of his young Spouſe, he looked upon the Major with an ill eye, and prepared nothing more favourable to *Lyſandre*. The Major abſented himſelf for ſome days, he was ſore vexed for the Footmans perfidy, jealous and incenſed againſt *Lyſandre*, impatient for his Colonels coldneſs; but, over all, he was almoſt mad to ſee himſelf going for a cheat in his Miſtreſſes heart. Nevertheleſs, matters concerning the regiment, ingaged him ſome weeks after to go and confer with the Colonel, but he found always *Berenice* near his elbow-chair, in ſo much that he could by no means juſtify himſelf to her; in the mean while *Lyſandre* arriveth, the happy ſucceſs of his negotiation ſets him up again in the Colonels eſteem, who deemed to have appointed him in his

favour

favour the ſame rank that the Major had before.

How equal and moderate ſo ever *Lyſandre* was in his growing fortune, yet the Major did no more look upon him, but with eyes full of indignation, and take his moderate carriage for a Pride, even to reproach him one day, that he bore heels higher than ordinary; and you, lower, reparteed boldly *Lyſandre*: Yes, to make the better a paſs, added the other. The Captain who conceived well enough this ſwaggering manner of challenge, anſwered ſtoutly, 'and I, ſaid he, I have got a pair at 'home of the ſame ſort, that may do 'me a good ſervice on a like occaſion. 'I would fain ſee them, replyed the 'Major; to which *Lyſandre* having anſwered, he would procure him that ſport the very next morning without the gate of *Jermany*, they ingaged and went away.

All

All this while things were very peaceable within the Colonels family. *Berenice* had made her self so absolute Mistress of her old decrepits mind, that she handled and turned him which way she pleased, but especially since the discovery of the Footman she had so strongly bewitched him by her constant attendance upon him and her flattering manners, that his suspicions were quite blotted out of his weak brain, she gets the Major acquainted with it, her policy perswaded her to manage him, and, indeed she sacrificed to that man, just as the antients did to plague and to feaver, not to get any benefits of them, but lest they should suffer mischief from these hurtful divinities. The presumptuous Major taketh a favourable Omen through this kind advice, and resolveth to come and shew her how sensible he is of it, immediately after the duel appointed between him and *Lysandre*.

This

This appointment came to the ears of *Berenice* the very ſame day it was made, by an Enſign of the Regiment, ſhe could not ſleep all the night long, being in a deadly apprehenſion; leſt the Major who looked ſtronger and briſker than her dear beloved Captain, ſhould get the better of him; yet her Soul was too noble, to oppoſe ſo courageous a reſolution. All that ſhe could do in her favourites behalf was to intreat the Enſign not to permit the fight grow too hot, and in his depoſitions to put the Major in the wrong. This young Cavalier, who had no great love for the Major, and gloried to ſerve a Lady of ſo great merit, aſſured her, ſhe would have cauſe to be content of his carriage, and then took his leave.

An hour after the opening of the gates our Rivals were followed by the Enſign, we ſpoke of, and a Lieutenant, both of the ſame Regi-

ment

ment. The field was chosen, the sign given, passes were made and returned again, insomuch that victory balanced and was dubious on both sides by a great while, till at last *Alexandre*'s Sword being unluckily broken, he was no more able to put by the blows, and was wounded by one push in two several places, the one in the arm, and the other an inch under the nipple of the right Pap, his Sword broken, and the blood he loft in abundance, because the wound was four inches deeep, did not permit him to fight any longer; they went to drink upon that score, and our Major puff'd up with Pride of his victory returned into *Maestricht*, wherein the wounded Captain also was brought with much ado in a Horse-litter. As soon as he was setled in his Lodging, the Colonels *Valet de Chambre*, whom my Lady had sent expressly, came to inquire as from his Lord, what con-

 dition

dition the Captain was in, who
wounds he saw the first apparel
on. Although he had not lost
speech, yet the Surgeon answere
that it could not be judged right
the malignity of his wound, b
within a day or two; that howeve
it seemed in his apprehension, ve
dangerous. Some Zealots went pr
sently after the tidings of the Du
came in Town, to the Governor a
complained of the attempt commi
ted in defiance of the most Religio
Laws of the Country; they prevai
so much upon him, that he sent
der to the Colonel to use the utm
rigour against the Offenders. So
Major was sent to the *Provst*, a
the wounded *Lysandre* kept Priso
in his own house.

If the shamefull detaining of
Major was a kind of sport to *Bere*
the deep wounds of *Lysandre* wh
caused him to contend a while w
death, cost her a great deal of te

The

There was no hour, nor moment, but he sent some body to inquire of him, and see his wounds bound up. Nothing spared for his sake; Essences, Conserves, Liquors, Sweet-meats of all sorts, and all that hath power to revive low spirits were profusely served him; he received a thousand visits. *Berenices* waiting-maid repaired exactly every day to his bedside, and comforted him in his pains by the assurance of her Mistresses tender and constant affection for him, which was a balsam to the distressed lover. Nay, *Berenice* her self went thither, when he begun to be in a prospect of recovery. The joy, he felt at the sight of so charming and obliging a Lady got such an alteration in his bodies humours that he was suddenly taken with a strong feaver, so that his life was quite despaired of; which was a cruel matter of sorrow to the innocent author of this sad accident. Some

Madrigals were writ upon this adventure, but they have escaped out of my memory.

In the mean time our Major was allowed to speak to no body in his Prison, there he was the prey of strange melancholy such as may afford an horrid solitariness; but that he was so much vexed at, was not so much the horror of a dark and narrow apartment, as the sorrow he had to receive no Letters of comfort, nor any tidings of the present condition of his party; but, over all, to be altogether ignorant how his Mistress had received the news of his Combat and Victory, he ingaged one day by the brightness of some Pistols, his own Jaylor, to carry her a Letter and deliver it into her own hand: its tenure was thus.

Madam

Madam,

IF a man is guilty, because generous, Vertue is become a crime. What? is there no praise, no applaud in the world but for cowards? and do I deserve to be persecuted, because I have discharged my duty like a gallant man? Duels are honourable preludes, which prepare men for battels and other occasions where danger seems to be the lesser, because it is common to many. But if these reflections cannot free me from the rigour of the Law, pray, Madam, let both my former services be considered, and such as I am able to do, and let me be set out of a captivity, a thousand times, harder than death it self. I would speak more boldly, Madam, if I could know what is the present condition of Lysandre, *who is the man in the world that deserves most to live, and for whom I will keep to the last breath the sentiments of a singular esteem, speak but*

a good word for me, dear Lady; allow but what your heart speaks to you in my behalf, and I am sure of my liberty. 'Tis an illustrious wretch that Intreats you, and the most humble of your servants the Major.

Had he been certain, his Letter would fall immediately into *Berenices* hands, he had sure added a great many other things, and touched higher matters, but for fear of some miscarriage of the Letter, he wrote no more than was necessary for his turn in the present construction of his affairs.

Berenice received the Letter, as soon as she had read it, she took pen and ink to write a note, and sent them both to *Lysandre*, that she might procure him some divertisement at his enemies cost, and cause him to triumph by love, whom the chance of arms had vanquished. This note was too tender, not to find its place in this History. To

To Captain *Lysandre*,

HEaven concerns himself too far in the interest of your glory, to rob the world of your noble person, before your merit hath received its reward, he suffered you to be wounded to none other purpose, but, that you might relish longer the unvaluable pleasure to see how much you are loved. Now 'tis time to come and shew your gratitude. The Major shall not languish in the fetters but as long as you'l be pleased to keep him in. Here's the Letter by which he begs the influence of my credit, you may read it, but must return it back into my own hands, for the rest, I am of opinion, you ought to consent to the liberty of a poor wretch who will be confounded enough, when he seeth you prefer'd before him. Love, Dear Lysandre, and hope, 'tis Berenice *that adviseth you so.*

Lysandre being then perfectly recovered, goeth out that very day, and pays his Civilities to the Colonel, in whose presence he gave his assent for the liberty of the Major. The old mans indisposition giving no opportunity of a long discourse with him; he went on to my Ladies Chamber, he found her alone, and was ready to throw himself at her feet, but she prevented him. 'I 'am in the utmost confusion, Ma-'dam, saith he: and I, interrupted '*Berenice* in the utmost joy, to see 'you again, and I am confident, 'yours shall not be less than mine 'own, when you know out of my 'mouth that his highness, who was 'not acquainted with your quarrel, 'gratifies you with the place of 'Lieutenant Colonel, and, it may 'be, you'l receive the commission 'the next post. In the mean while 'dissemble your joy, and be not so 'assiduous in your attendance upon 'me,

'me, untill you be intirely poſſeſſed 'of your Office, leſt the Major 'ſhould ſuſpect any thing of my con-'trivance in the managing of ſo pre-'cious a favour; go your ſelf and 'get the Major out of priſon; but 'firſt beg my Lords agreement, for 'the reſt, *Lyſandre*, remember not to 'forget your ſelf in your new prefer-'ment. I, Madam, forget my ſelf, re-'plyed he; I, who know better than 'any man in the world, how great 'is the inconſtancy of fortune! Ah! 'let rather heaven —— No no, Ma-'dam, be ye not afraid for that. 'They were apt to go further, if 'my Lords Gentleman had not come 'in, to warn *Lyſandre*, his maſter would ſpeak with him; he took his leave of my Lady, and got immediately by the bed of the Colonel, who bid him to go in his name and ſet at liberty the Major with whom he intreated him to be reconciled; he put his ſuperiours order in execu-

tion. The Major was set at liberty, and they supped together talking the space of two hours of nothing but indifferent matters, the Major being free came to thank the Colonel and shew his gratitude to *Berenice*.

It was not true, the Prince had himself made choice of *Lysandre* to fill the vacancy, but true it was, *Berenice* had prepared her husband to be favourable to him; her husband I say, to whose prudence and wisdom his highness had trusted the election of a worthy Officer; a mystery, indeed, which was hidden to the Major, who would have taken quite other measures, if he had had the good luck to discover it; he continued to give his frequent attendances upon the Colonel, and did almost never meet there *Lysandre*: which he took as a good Omen, there being but that onely Cavalier that might stand in competition and dispute the Lieutenancy with him. *Berenice*, to keep

keep her Intreague more private, did often ſpeak to him of *Lyſandre* as a man who had nothing of that greatneſs of Soul, of that firmneſs of courage, which was neceſſary in a Warriour; to which feigned ſentiments the Major added ſome true ones of his own ground, no leſs diſhonourable than the former; Nay, ſometimes in her preſence he called him a ſimple fellow, and told her one day, he was in a merry humour, he had play'd him a witty turn; 'this Officer, Madam, ſaith 'he, commanded before yeſterday 'the Guard at *Wick*, he had prepared a ſplendid entertainment for his friends, and given order, it ſhould be brought up to the Guard; I knew one of my Drummers, was to carry the Pottages and fricaſſes. I promiſed him two Piſtols, if in the very midſt of the great ſtreet, he would let fall down his burthen by feigning to fall down himſelf. It was done

done ſo, indeed, the Drummers foot ſlipped, all ſlipped alſo out of his hands, and the diſhes, through the help of half a dozen of ſpoons borrowed of the Neighbours, were filled with an hundred naſty things, which were eaten up with the greateſt avidity in the world. The trick is noble and witty, ſaid coldly *Berenice*, but now you put me in mind of him, I believe, 'tis he that is below, let us go down, and laugh at his coſt, in my Lords Chamber: they got in before him, and had already taken ſeats by the bed, where the gout detained the old man, when *Lyſandre* came in. The Colonel againſt his cuſtom, pulled off his cap to him, which the Major admired at, but he was far more amazed when he welcomed him, not with one good morrow, maſter *Lyſandre*, but with one, maſter Lieutenant Colonel very welcome. This Complement

was

was like a Thunder-bolt that took almoſt away from the Major the uſe of his Speech, although he had yet ſome belief, the Colonel ſpoke but in jeſt; he altered preſently his mind, for the Colonel bid his Secretary to draw out behind his pillow two Letters one of which he gave to *Lyſandre*, ſaying, 'Sir, out 'of gratitude you are ingaged to 'ſerve faithfully his Highneſs, he 'honours you with the vacancy, and 'for my part, I eaſe my ſelf upon 'you of the care of the regiment; 'you ſee in what condition both my 'age, and infirmities have brought 'me; I believe I ſhall not go long. Don't take the pains to go to the *Hague*. The Prince diſpenſeth you with that duty, and alloweth preſumptively your thanks.

While *Lyſandre* was buſie about thanking the Colonel with the ſtrongeſt and warmeſt expreſſions that juſt and true gratitude can afford,

ford, the Major turning his eyes, full of anger and ſpight, towards my Lady, ſaw her fetching a deep ſigh, lifting up her ſhoulders, and caſting aſide upon *Lyſandre* deſpiſing and diſdainful looks, he could not imagine her to be concern'd in that affair; yet could he not forbear with a low voice to ſay, 'Madam, had I more 'obey'd intereſt and ambition than 'love, this bit had not eſcap'd out of 'my hands: I was in wrong to neg-'lect the Journey to the *Hague*; this 'is the ſecond time I act my ſelf-ri-'val, God grant I may not play the 'ſame a third time by loſing you: To which ſhe anſwer'd, 'Sir, it is 'like Heaven hath ordain'd you to 'ſome higher fortune, diſpenſe me 'with a further explication; be ye 'but conſtant and diſcreet. In the mean while the old man was falling aſleep; ſo, not to diſturb him longer, the company roſe up, and my Lady ſtaid alone near the bed.

The

The Major being return'd back into his houſe, made ſo grave and ſo earneſt reflections upon the myſterious dealing of *Berenice*, that he plainly convinced himſelf, ſhe was the only Author of his Rivals advancement; and that, indeed, not without a great deſign under hand: he concluded further, that all the fair countenance ſhe ſhew'd him, was but a counterfeit kindneſs, and that her heart was driven quite another way: Therefore he reſolved after a long meditation, to try this ambiguous *Sphynx*'s fidelity by a Love-letter, which he got written and directed to himſelf as from another Miſtreſs. He let it fall down in *Berenice*'s Chamber, in ſuch a place where ſhe could not miſs to ſee and take it up; being confident, her Jealouſie would infallibly break out, if ſo be ſhe had a true love for him. In effect *Berenice* took up the Letter, in which, after his going out, ſhe read theſe lines.

If

If there be in the world a perplex'd love, it is mine, dear Major. 'Tis in vain for you to renew every day to me the proteſtations of that tender and ſolemn engagement, we ſwore one another in the beginning of our mutual flames. 'Tis in vain for you to aſſure me with ſo much earneſtneſs, that you love me ſtill without any diviſion of your heart. I have follow'd you, I know the abode of the object of your vows, and that your exact attendance upon your Colonel, is not ſo much to court an expiring fortune, as to ſacrifice your heart to that Goddeſs, who makes ſport of ſo many Gallants as well as of you. 'Tis true, indeed, ſhe is inrich'd with all the graces that may enſlave noble ſouls; but ſhe knows it very well, 'tis enough, I ſay no more. You ought to combine with a perſon that preſumes not ſo highly of her ſelf, and whoſe love is grounded upon a true and juſt apprehenſion of your merit. If you find me too ſevere, 'tis perhaps, be-

cauſe

cauſe you are not cold enough; grow more private, then you ſhall not meet with a ravenous Miſtreſs: Your love will be the meaſure of mine; reſolve quickly upon this declaration: Dear Major, adieu.

All this allarm'd very little our cunning Lady; be it, ſhe took the Letter to be a fruit, either of the Major's brain, or of the paſſion of ſome jealous Miſtreſs; ſhe had ſo little tendency to him, that ſhe was by no means troubled at it. Nevertheleſs, ſmelling well enough to what purpoſe the Letter ſlipp'd out of the Majors pocket, ſhe contrived with her dear *Lyſandre* to pay the fool with his own coin: ſo ſhe wrote the following lines, which ſhe left on her *Toilette*, where ſhe foreſaw, the curious Major would, no doubt, ſet his hands.

I beg your pardon, Madam, if I take upon me to ſay, that a perſon as witty as you are, ought not to be ſo much

credulous

credulous. The Major, who hath always look'd upon you as the most compleat Lady in this Town, would account his inclinations wronged, if he could set them in another place. I confeß, the Letter, you sent me, is able to breed jealouſie in a true loving heart: but who can warrant you, that it is no a trick put upon him by some one of those many jealous Cavaliers, who repineth at his fortune? It may be, some of them are plotting againſt his happineß, and would have him ruin'd in your heart, which he knows well enough to be a great hater of perfidy. For my part, I can't adviſe you to condemn upon ſo ſlight conjectures, a Lover, who perhaps is guilty upon no other account, but becauſe he is too faithful to you. I know the Major he doth not ſhift his inclinations as his apparel: but would I were you, I would conceal him nothing at all; I would open freely to him the Myſterie of the Letter, and, over all, obſerve curiouſly his countenance, his

eyes,

eyes, and the grounds of his justification. This is, in my mind, the way you must follow for your tranquillity. Adieu.

This Note was folded up and thrown carelesly on *Berenice's Toilett*. The next morning, no purpose, she laid a-bed very late. The Major attended about half an hour past Ten, and after the usual civilities, went to the Looking-glass to mend his Perriwig. The first thing he cast his eyes upon, and that came under his hand, was just the Note, which he softly unfolded, and read from end to end. At first he flatter'd himself with the tickling opinion, that credit had been given to his Sham-letter, & that by this stratagem he had given a strange alarm; that *Berenice* was mightily troubled at, since she begg'd her friends comfort and advice; which pleasant error set him in the thought, he was still the beloved one. Now, *Berenice* being

ing dreſs'd, addreſſed to him in this manner; 'I am apt to think, you are 'conſtant and faithful to me, but I 'muſt needs complain of your not 'being true and ſincere: hazard hath 'betray'd your diſſimulation, and I 'may bring forth authentical Wit-'neſſes of that I ſay. 'Pray, Madam, 'explain your ſelf, interrupted the Major, who feign'd not to appre-hend the meaning of her diſcourſe; 'and your ſelf, reparteed ſhe, Search 'your own heart, and examine your 'conſcience. At that word he puts his hand in his pocket, as to ſeek there for ſomething; and affected to appear a little out of countenance, when *Berenice* preſented him his Letter, ſaying, 'Trouble no more 'your ſelf, here is that you look for. 'This Note hath cleared all my 'doubts. 'What did ye learn by it, 'Madam, reply'd the Major? To 'right my ſelf, Sir, and confeſs, I am 'not the only Goddeſs, before whom

'you burn your Incenſe, that you 'bring it upon other Altars; and to 'ſpeak plain, that you court & abuſe 'more than one. 'Ah, Madam, ſaid the Major, 'Let not this Note alter 'in the leaſt, that eſteem I have de-'ſerved in your mind. 'Tis true, 'it came from a Lady; but how evi-'dent is it, that my love for her is 'but a paſtime; by the War, ſhe 'declares to my coldneſs, & through 'thoſe many motives, ſhe uſes to ſtir 'up my too great indifferency for 'her? This reaſon being likely enough, ſeem'd to *Berenice* to be of a great weight, and ſhe ſhewed her ſelf much ſatisfied with it. On the other ſide, our Major was extreamly content with the happy ſucceſs of his Intreague, and tickled himſelf more than ever with the moſt charming hopes in the World; when, on a ſudden, Fortune, to make ſport of him, put him a freſh to a new tryal.

Lyſandre

Lysandre had promised to my Ladies Gentlewoman, that, after his being promoted to the Lieutenancy, he would present her with a compleat sute of Cloath; he had now performed his word, as to the sute, but being it was not so rich as that proud maid would have it, or that it was not made according to the rules of the new mode, or to her own fancy, however she would not accept of it, and upbraided *Lysandre* with a thousand reproaches of his covetousness and insipid judgement. It was vain to my Lady to bid her silence, she grew hot more and more, and several times got him quite out of countenance, insomuch that one day my Lady was forced to send her packing into her Chamber. As she was walking down the stairs that led to the Colonels apartment, she chanced to meet with the Major, who, seeing her so much moved, gets along with her

into

into the room, offers to comfort her, and asketh the cauſe of her tears. She was in ſo great a paſſion that forgetting the unviolableneſs of the ſecret, and breaking all the bonds of her duty, towards her Miſtreſs and *Lyſandre*, ſhe declared all to the Major. This unthought opportunity to make her ſpeak, ſeemed to him ſo fair and ſo favourable, that he ſpared nothing to ſet her upon an intimate confidence; but, indeed, he knew there a great deal more than was expedient for his own tranquillity, and he confeſſed ingenuouſly, that he was abuſed at an high rate, and had till now handſomely acted his Self-Rival.

Whilſt they were in conference, my Lady ſent a Footman to ſee whether the Major was ingaged with the Colonel. This fellow being ill affected to the waiting-maid, becauſe ſhe had done him a diſcourteſy, reported that my Lord was alone, and

the

the Major locked up with her in her Chamber, that through the lock-hole he saw them both sitting very close upon the bed, but they spoke too low, to be heard. The Foot-man withdrew, and my Lady turning to *Lysandre*; 'No doubt, my 'dear, saith she, 'we are betrayed. 'That ill Tongue will have revealed 'all; but no matter, methinks, we 'are gone further than half the way 'to the aim we have proposed to our 'selves. If I can discover, that this 'inconsiderate maid hath declared 'any secret of mine, I will punish her 'according to the excess of her Trea-'son, and turn her away immedi-'ately. That fear, indeed, was not groundless, for the Major who judged that through the interest of that Gentlewoman, he could de-stroy all the pretensions of his Rival, made her a thousand advantagious promises to draw her in to be of his side, and amongst other shining

'propolals

propoſals gave her the hope of an alliance with his own Nephew who was an Enſign; or elſe that he would get her a conſiderable place near a Dutcheſs, with whom, ſaid he, he had an intimate acquaintance. She took at that bait, and not only unfolded him all the particulars of her Miſtreſſes intreagues with *Lyſandre*, but alſo ingaged her faith to do whatever ſhe could for his ſervice.

'After dinner my Lady took her apart, and firſt prepared her mind by kind words to a downright confeſſion of the truth, aſſuring her, *Lyſandre* would mend his fault and ſee her content of his liberality. Then ſhe asked her what was the matter of her converſation with the Major, all the while, they were both locked up together in her Chamber, and whether in her tranſport ſhe let not ſlip any thing contrary to her duty, and prejudi-

'cial to the intereſt of *Lyſandre*.
'The treacherous Maid anſwered
'cunningly, ſhe was paſt overſight
'that ſhe led him along with her, to
'ſtop him from going up and diſtur-
'bing her converſation with *Ly-*
'*ſandre*, and that, as for the ſubject
'of their talking, it had been all a-
'long about her mothers death
'whoſe tidings were juſt now come
'to her; that the Major had attri-
'buted her tears to that cauſe, and
'ſpent all that while in giving her
'Comfort in the ſad condition, ſhe
'was in. *Berenice* took that for
'ready money, kept her and uſed
'her ſtill with as much privacy and
'confidence, as before, concealing
'from her none of her ſecret Love-
'tricks.

In the mean time the Major
pining away with impatience of
revenging both his unfaithful
Miſtreſs and his troubleſome Rival
contrived the blackeſt Treaſon that
can

can be imagined, he gets the following Letter written to the Colonel, by an unknown hand, as from a friend of his, who concerns himself for his honour, but concealeth his name for some Weighty Reasons.

My Lord,

I Am your Creature, and under that title I ow your Lordship all services, that both duty and gratitude prescribeth to a true Friend and faithful Servant, a fair occasion presents it self to signalize my zeal to you, and I would think my self the most guilty of all ungrateful men, if I could be silent, when the keeping of my peace may in some manner countenance the dishonouring of your Illustrious Name. My Lord, I must needs tell you freely, your weakness is a sport to the Town, and ye are now the laughing-stock of the world; Lysandre *stirs never from your house, he is always in the*

arms of my Lady; and that ungrateful man, who oweth you all that he is, forgets himself to that degree, as to pay immortal obligations, with an affront that can be never wipped out. 'Tis out of a deep sense of duty, that I tell your Lordship that which you cannot read without horror. One of your best friends. Adieu.

This curſed Letter produced all the effect, the malicious Major could expect, and awaked in the old mans Soul thoſe former ſuſpicions which time had almoſt ſtifled and extinguiſhed; For, without examining whether the advice was true or falſe, he gave himſelf over to the motions which ſuch ugly a picture may breed in a jealous heart. Nevertheleſs for his own gravity ſake he thought fit to ſhew no alteration in his carriage towards *Lyſandre* and his wife, and that it would be ſufficient, to appoint her the next Chamber,

Chamber, whither there was no passage but through his own, pretending it would be an extraordinary comfort to him in his infirmities to have her always by himself.

Berenice who suspected nothing from the Major, sticked not to give that satisfaction to her old bed-fellow, and cheerfully changed her apartment. Now the Lieutenant Colonel and the Major come every day exactly in waiting, but the old man seems to have neither eyes nor tongue, for the former; yet because none or little account was made of what he was doing or speaking, *Berenice* thought *Lysandre* ought not to be much troubled for't, and told him publickly that, the Majors voice being stronger, it was no wonder if he could be better heard of an old man who had no more his ears of five and twenty. Well, but he had

another cauſe of trouble far more grievous than that.

Whatever time, hour, or part of the day he might chuſe to go into the Colonels lodging, in hope of injoying ſome delightful moments with his dear Miſtreſs, he found her always the unſeparable, but ſorrowful fellow of the old gouty coxcomb, who was over him an exceeding troubleſome *Argus*; he was conſumed with an ardent deſire to diſcourſe privately with her, but finding no opportunity, he thought Letters would ſerve his turn againſt the watchful eyes of the old man, and really wrote her the enſuing one which he impreſſed with the hot character of his impatient love. But how lamentable was the ſort of this unhappy Letter? and what a brook of tears did it draw from the fair eyes of *Berenice*?

Madam,

Madam,

IF there be nothing in the world that may break the bonds wherewith our hearts are united, muſt it, there be alſo nothing but appoſeth the union of our perſons? The more heaven favoors and countenanceth my Love, the more fate perſecuteth it. Life and jealouſy playing booty together have reſolved to bring me to deſpair. Is it not enough then to a ſingle man to live fourſcore years, and muſt he reckon as many ages as Mathuſael, *or thoſe primitive ſprings of life: But let him overlive an age, I grant it; muſt jealouſie concert with it to make unfortunate, the two moſt faithful lovers upon earth? When ſhall I be mine, and when ſhall you be no more ſlave? you, I ſay, who, being poſſeſſed of the right of chaining others, ought, methinks, be free your ſelf; what then? is a ſheet of paper able, without burning, to contain fires, by which I am*

my ſelf devoured? and can it be exact enough, faithfully to reckon you the number of my ſighs, and of the tears, I ſhed? No no, how eloquent ſoever love may be, he is barren and hath no grace: when he takes pen and ink, to perſwade one of his exceſs, he muſt explain himſelf in preſence of his object; at leaſt, Madam, mine is of that temper, he may, indeed tell you ſomething of my paſſion, but he cannot expreſs to you with a pen, what motions I feel when I conſider, you give me leave to bear the honourable quality of your moſt faithful and devoted ſervant Lyſandre.

This Letter was ſlipped in one day; *Berenice*, by Galantry let fall her hanckerchief, to give *Lyſandre* the pleaſure to take it up. She took it in, and read it as ſoon as the company went out; one may imagine with what tranſports of joy, ſhe read a Letter that had nothing baſe

in

in its ſtile, and ſpoke with vehemency of its Authors paſſion; ſhe read it again a great many times, and then hid it in the pocket of an under-petticoat. The next morning, reflecting no more upon her Letter, ſhe got her ſelf dreſſed in a ſlighter apparel, and put not on that petticoat. The waiting maid folding it up, found out the Letter, read it, and preſently made the Major acquainted with the good luck. They appointed and met together to conſult how to improve ſo fair oppertunity; after ſome debate on both ſides, that fooliſh creature dazzled with the hope, the Major would ſet up her fortune, opined the firſt, that the fatal Letter muſt fall into the hands of the Colonel that would not fail to deal with *Lyſandre* ſo ſeverely, that the Major ſhould be revenged at an high rate; but he, being unwilling to appear in the leaſt concerned in that

plot, to not incur the just resentment of a woman that never could forgive him such huge and insign a Treason, desired her to find out a way that might secure his reputation in case of any discovery. 'Well, Sir, saith 'she, if I am not mistaken, this will 'serve our turn very well. Some 'day or other when my Lord is a-'lone, I will come softly near his 'bed. If he be asleep, I'l let fall this 'Letter down nigh the bed; pre-'sently, I'l get down into the kitch-'in, from whence I'le send up the 'little Page, to look about my Lord. 'That simple boy seeing the Letter 'upon the flower, will believe that 'my Lord stirring let it fall from 'his pillow, under which he is used 'to keep all Papers that are direct-'ed to him; he wo'nt fail to put it 'again in his hands, and so we may 'be confident, that the Letter shall 'infallibly be read of him. 'Excellent 'well, excellent well, cryed out the

'Major,

'Major, the ſtroke is ſure, nothing was 'ever better concerted; but pray loſe 'no time, make haſt, and be certain, 'Ile, take care of your fortune. It was done, as ſaid. The Letter came into the hands of the old man, who after the reading of it ſtood a while almoſt out of his ſenſe, but having recollected his ſpirits, he ſaw as clear as the Sun how true was the unknown friends Letter, and reſolved to revenge highly the ungrateful *Lyſandre*, but firſt of all, to not decide ſo ſleightly upon ſo important a matter, he compared the Letter by ſome others he had received before from *Lyſandre*, and it proved to be evidently of the ſame hand; he maſtered his anger till the afternoon, and then *Lyſandre*, the Major and *Berenice* ſitting by his bed, he broke out after a moſt ſurprizing manner, his face was on a ſudden altered, tears dropped from his eyes, and after he had

caſt

caſt the Company into a ſtrange conſternation by a ſilence of half a quarter of an hour, he addreſſed to the Major and told him: Dear 'Major, I am much engaged to you; 'ye thought to do me a ſervice wor- 'thy of your affection, when you mo- 'ved me to the alliance, I have made; 'but, pray, did you foreſee it ſhould 'diſhonour me for ever. I ſpeak ſo, 'not upon ſuſpicions of jealouſie, but 'my friends firſt, and next my own 'eyes taught me, that I nouriſh in 'this Lady, (pointing to *Berenice*) 'the mortal enemy of my quiet and 'life; and that I have advanced a 'man, meaning *Lyſandre*, who pays 'my favours with the moſt notorious 'ingraritude that was ever heard of. 'Do not truſt me, Dear Major, here 'is to prove withal, the reaſonable- 'neſs of my complaints: read aloud 'this Letter, ſaid he, giving it to him. 'Since you were the witneſs of ſo 'many benefits I beſtowed upon theſe

two

two ungrateful persons, you must also be the judge of the cause, I have to repent it. The Major could not refuse to take the Letter, but he thought it to be of his policy to beg his being dispenced with the reading of it: But the Colonel insisted upon reading, with so much earnestness, that it was not in his power to avoid obeying any longer. So the Letter was read. A mortal paleness diffused it self all over the face of *Lysandre*, and *Berenice* became as red as Scarlet: Confusion and shame stopp'd up their Speech, and there was none but the Major who durst speak. 'My Lord, my Lord, saith he, 'you know it, 'tis not a new 'thing for good people to be perse-'cuted. The solidest Vertue is that 'which stands the most cruel as-'saults; all that your imagination 'represents unto you is a meer 'dream. I know too much my

'Lady,

'Lady, to think her capable of
'such infidelity, and Master Lieu-
'tenant-Colonel will also give me
'leave to say, not by way of Ju-
'stification, but to do Justice to his
'Vertue, that he is the most grate-
'ful Gentleman in the World, and
'by consequence, the most unfit of
'men to abuse you at such a rate.
'This Letter was directed to you by
'some foe of his; and we need no
'other proof of it but this, that
''tis not his own hand? What d'you
'say, replyed eagerly the old man,
'pray be not so complaisant as to
'maintain things against your Con-
'science. I am acquainted with
'his hand, the Character of this
'Letter is no way different from
'that of a Letter he wrote me from
'the *Hague*. Judge it your self
'without any prejudice, said he',
shewing him the other, 'take my
'part, and approve of my resent-
'ment, against those that contrive

'to

'to haſten my death, by over-
'whelming my Soul with ſorrow.
The Major, to humour him, com-
pareth the two Letters one to the
other, and ſaith, 'That indeed they
'had ſomething like, but the laſt
'was counterfeit; as for example,
'this *p*, ſaid he, My Lord, hath
'no reſemblance at all with that *d*,
'nor this *e* with that *e*, no more
'than an hundred other letters I
'could examine, if you would leave
'them to my Judgement. The
old man taking up the Speech, ad-
ded, 'You are, Sir, a very graci-
'ous Judge, and for my quiet ſake,
'I will give the lye to the truth it
'ſelf, and make blind my own
'eyes, to have occaſion to forgive
'them both. All this while *Bere-
nice* had kept her peace, and mind-
ed what ſhe could bring forth for
her vindication: She ſpoke at laſt,
and having ſaid, 'That her innocence
'might be ſlandered, but never ſha-

ken,

ken, she gave liberty to tears, which dropped from her charming eyes with so much profusion, that they excited those of *Lysandre*, nay of the Major himself. *Lysandre* next said, 'he was not capable of the perfidy 'he was accused of; that Master 'Major had reason to assure, his hand 'was maliciously imitated, and that 'if his assiduous attending upon a 'person to whom he was obliged for 'his fortune, did so much incense 'envy against him, he would for-'bear coming into his Colonels 'house; So that the most urgent 'businesses could scarce engage him 'to step in. He had no sooner ended his speech, but the old man who was still in his mind convinced of the fact, desired my Lady to wipe off her tears, and shew him through her unwearied cares the falshood of the imputation that was put upon her. They all rose up upon that, and my Lady was ready to go and give her

her self over to tears and sighs in her Chamber, when the old man who foresaw it, intreated her not to leave him, and to stay by his bed. That crafty Woman, that was not half so much anguished as she seemed, threw her self into the bosome of the old man whom she imbraced so long, and upon which she shed such abundance of tears, that he was moved by, and past in an instant, from a violent passion to a sweet one, whose motions proved no less dangerous to his life; for they caused such a disorder and so great an alteration in the Oeconomy of his bodies humours, that they were all warmbled; his gout left him on a sudden, and allowed him the free use of his hands and feet; during three days he was feeling no pain at all, and people crouded into his house to congratulate him for that kind of growing young again. But upon the third day by two a clock in the afternoon, no body

but

but the Major and his Lady being with him, he fell ſuddenly in a ſwoon and was taken with a general weakneſs in all his Members. His Gout ſeized again on his hands and feet, and aſcended to the heart, ſo that they choaked him in a quarter of an hours time: he had his mind very ſound to the laſt breath, and embraced both his wife and the Major, intreated the one to eſpouſe highly the intereſt of that young diſtreſſed Widow; and told the other, that in caſe ſhe would after his death chuſe a ſecond husband, ſhe ought to prefer the Wiſdom, Affection and Birth of the Major, before any more eminent quality that ſhould not be attended with thoſe three parts: upon that he deſired them to embrace one another in his preſence, and then ſhut up his eyes for ever.

Thus

Thus the Colonel having given up the ghoſt, our Major thought his deſigns brought about; and after he had uttered out a great deal of Pious and Chriſtian flouriſh to comfort her ſoul, he failed not to turn to his advantage the laſt words of the dead, and to let her remember her engagements: but the cunning Lady, to be rid of him, anſwered, 'That ſhe would never give 'him any juſt cauſe of murmur; 'that now ſhe was not in a conditi-'on to decide ſo weighty a matter, 'her trouble being ſo great, that 'either, Yes, or No, were all one 'to her; but when time, which cures 'the greateſt ſorrows, ſhould have 'ſet again her mind in its former 'tranquillity, then ſhe would not fail 'to acknowledge the great benefits 'ſhe had received of him.

The funeral pomp being ended, and the old Colonels Idea baniſhe with it, our two Rivals begun a freſh

to court the handsome Widow. The Major did never lose the sight of *Lysandre*; he had no sooner seen him step into *Berenice*'s lodgings, but there he followed him immediately, and was a constant and watchful guard to him when he was alone with her; insomuch, that during two months, *Lysandre* look't in vain for the opportunity of a private conversation with his Mistress, to give her account of the progress of his love. A certain day was appointed in the usual manner, for the exercise of the Regiment out of the Town. It was the Major's duty to attend there; the Lieutenant Colonel sent him word, that he was a little indisposed, and could not be present at the exercise; but the Major, who was well, exempteth himself too, and goeth to spend the morning with the Widow. *Lysandre* cometh by nine a Clock, and meets there with the Major, asked him, if the

Regiment

Regiment hath made well the Evolutions; and upon his answer, that he believeth it: *Lysandre* seeing he had not been there, taxeth him with a small zeal, desireth him to remember from henceforth his duty, or else he would complain to the Prince of his negligence. The Major took very ill this check, and spoke some sharp biting words to the Lieutenant Colonel, who sent him Prisoner to his own house, intreating him for his own profit, not to constrain him to go further. The Laws of Military obedience forbad the Major to reply any more: he retired with shame to his lodging, attended with a deadly sorrow, to leave so near his Mistress the most audacious and formidable of his Rivals. All his friends did interest themselves in his disgrace; and because the Governour was now at Court, they made their application for his liberty to the Commander, who being a good head-

head-piece, would not be Judge of either of the two faults, being unwilling to offend the Lieutenant Colonel; ſo the Major was by all means expoſed to the mercy of his own Rival. To write him a letter, the love of liberty adviſed him to do ſo, but his courage deſcribed to him that ſtep, as the moſt baſe and unworthy of things. To write to my Lady Colonel, he would thereby expoſe himſelf to the ſcoffs of the one and the other; and he would not for all the world, go in her mind for a man of low ſpirits. To acquaint the Court with the matter, it was to bear witneſs againſt his honour, and to depoſe againſt himſelf; ſo he knew not what to do: when Fate, leſs cruel, opened him a way to triumph in his turn over his Rival.

The Lieutenant Colonel was a moderate man, out of whoſe mouth nothing but rational was uſed to

ſlip. It fell nevertheleſs, that being one day a drinking ſome Bottles of Wine with the chief Officers of the Garriſon; a motion was made about the fair Widow; the diſcourſe growing hot upon her concern, it was there ſpoken of the Major, as the man who carried it over all in her amorous inclinations; that opinion grew ſo general, that *Lyſandre*, to deſtroy it, obſtinately bent himſelf to maintain, that he knew a man that was without compariſon further in her favour than he. Every one knowing, he meant himſelf, made ſport to take the part of the Major againſt him, and drove him ſo far, that he fell a ſwearing, he was ſure of what he ſaid; and that the perſon he meant, had long ago received authentical tokens and exceptionleſs teſtimonies of it. This was reported with a poiſoning commentary to *Berenice*, who was ſo much diſpleas'd at *Lyſandre*'s indiſcretion

ſcretion, that her love for him cooled to that point, as to forbid him her houſe for ever.

The Major heard with a ſingular pleaſure his Rivals diſgrace; he preſently taketh Pen and Ink, to praiſe *Berenice* for the Juſtice ſhe had done to the moſt ungrateful man in the World, and intreat her to make her intereſt to the Governour, who was returned for, his liberty. *Berenice*, who could not live without being adored, and was earneſtly incenſed againſt *Lyſandre*, was raviſhed with joy to receive tydings from the Major, and conceived for him a tender love: ſhe read his Letter, whoſe Original is not different from the Copy following.

Madam,

Madam,

HAd my Officer formed in his mind a right Idea of true glory, he would have known, 'tis more honourable to vanquish his resentment, than to make it appear. He offended and engaged me to speak him sharp words as a Rival, now he revengeth as a Superiour. One must be Lysandre, to do such a base and unworthy action, and to refuse to mend it after it is done. Age, experience, and the science of the World, taught me how to bear equally the strokes of fortune; but I am not Stoick enough, not to be sensible when I hear your honour is wounded. I know all that passed in that company, where your heart was put to a tryal. But, Madam, you ought not to expect better things from the person you know. Now, Madam, if the noble Inclination to favour unfortunate men, is still your character, oblige me so much as to speak to my Lord Governour in my be-

half, that it may be said no longer, one keeps me Prisoner, to no other end, but to deprive me of the delightful sight of a Goddess, to whom I vow an eternal sacrifice of my heart.

The Major.

This Letter charmed the charming *Berenice*; she felt her self moved with pity and love for the Major; she went straightway to the Governour, told him, that the Major was kept in arrest upon the slight account of a pique, that she was witness of the quarrel, and admired how the Lieutenant Colonel did so much abuse his authority, as to make it the tool of his passion. This humble Petition presented by such a Lady, got the liberty of the Major, who scarce was got twelve steps from his lodging, when he met with his Jaylor. *Lysandre*, who knew

knew nothing of his being set at liberty by the Governours command, asked him haughtily, Who made him so bold, as to go out without his leave? To which having been answered by a scoff, the Lieutenant Colonel drew; the Major stood firm; but as the fortune of Arms is uncertain, so, he was almost mortally wounded. The Lieutenant Colonels action was generally blamed. The Governour was not a little offended at it, and *Berenice* concerned her self for the Major, who had this unvaluable comfort, that he received from her all the good offices he might expect from his own Mother. But O inconstancy of fortune! this humorous Divinity flattered him a while, but indeed it was only to get by him a richer and fatter Victim to her Caprices. It seem'd *Berenice* had quite forgot *Lysandre*: Nevertheless, as the piques of lovers turn commonly into a renewing of love; so *Bere-*

nice was no sooner met and saluted in her Coach by him, but she felt within her heart he was no more guilty, but still worthy of her love. *Lysandre*, who had observed, through the gentle manner and sweet air wherewith she bowed to him, that she was appeased, got in her favour, and kindled again her flames by this Note.

Lysandre the most unworthy of Lovers, to the most worthy loving Lady upon Earth.

IT is less, to justifie my self, than to confess my guilt, that I make bold to write to you, incomparable Lady: I have alone more faults than all the world together: but also I have more love, alone, than all men. I suffered you to be the matter of a dis-

course; 'tis my crime: But I could not abide that another might be preferred before me, because I believe, there is no man under Heaven, whose zeal and love may be put in parallel to mine. Pardon, amiable Berenice, *pardon me an oversight, which should be expiated enough: if I had been but one day forbidden to see you, 'tis to languish too long; subscribe either to my death, or to the permission I crave, to go and protest to you, that I will live and dye your faithful servant,*

Lysandre.

Berenice had too great a tendency towards *Lysandre*, not to accept of his submission. She granted him his pardon; he knew his peace was made, and resorted to her feet with an incredible diligence.

Upon his coming the fair Widow

disguised her self a little; but the conversation being by degrees grown hot, the eyes having secretly, but eloquently, spoken on both sides; and the fire by which these two hearts were burnt, being kindled again more than ever, it was talked no more but of re-union; next, faith was given and accepted of either party, without the knowledge of any living soul: The Banes were published three *Sundays* one after another; and there was no Officer of the Garrison that heard of it; because, indeed very few amongst them do exactly go to Church.

One day, the Lieutenant Colonel and the Major met by chance at *Berenice*'s house; she obliged them to be reconciled, which they did, and both continued to court peaceably their common Mistress: but the Major, who had no suspicion of mischief, acted the Rival of himself for

for the third and last time, when he was the least thinking on it. A circle of Gentlemen and Ladies met the first of *July* at the fair Widows lodging: After some discourses upon meer indifferent matters, my Lady rose up, took the Contract of her Matrimony with *Lysandre*, out of a Drawer; and rolling it up within her hands, came to the Major, and perplexed his mind with this Proposition; 'Master 'Major, said she, you, that are the 'most complaisant of men, and 'make to your self an inviolable 'Religion, to refuse nothing to La-'dies, will you grant me the favour 'which I have a mind to ask you? 'Yes with all my heart, replyed the 'Major, with his hand on his breast: 'What is it Madam? Must I shed 'my dearest blood for you? I will 'sacrifice it to the last drop. 'No 'Sir, added *Berenice*, it matters only 'to sign a Writ: 'I will with all my

'heart, though I must sign my own 'Condemnation: and if both your 'Piety and Loyalty were not known 'to me, I would know, whether 'there be any thing contrary to the 'Religion or State. 'No, no, Sir, 'it witnesseth nothing else but your 'free and voluntary consent to my 'everlasting happiness. 'To your 'happiness, Madam, interrupted the Major, 'Ah! blood must be used for 'that glorious consent. He offered to prick himself with a Pin, but *Berenice* took him from that new extravagancy, putting a Pen in his hand. So he signed the Paper as it was rolled up; but as soon as he had taken up his fingers from it, *Berenice* laughing, made him know, he had subscribed the very Contract of Marriage between her and *Lysandre*. This stroke would, no doubt, have killed him, if he had not thought it to be a pastime. He was invited to make one in the

Wedding-

Wedding Feast against the next morning. He came, believing still, as hard as Iron, it was but a meer sport. He lent all his jovial humour to the entertainment and other rejoycings that followed it; he sung a great many Airs upon Lovers unshaken fidelity, he danced with the Company till night; but he began to alter his Tune, when he saw all the Convives contending one with another for the honour of bedding *Berenice* and *Lysanire*; yet the strong opinion he had, it was but a play, caused him to do still an hundred pleasant things, he uncyed the Shoos of *Berenice*, he helped *Lysanire* in the pulling off his Coat, and saw them both a minute after with a wonderful amazement within the same Sheets, and under the same Coverlet.

FINIS.

BRITISH
7 DEC 1
MUSEUM

Commodious for a haven made
under a rising bank
Stabiye hably fixed a place of Trade
To men of any rank